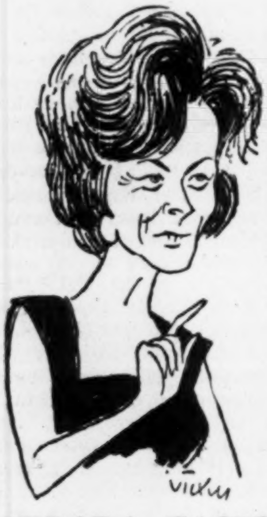
New Statesman

The Week-end Review

VOL. LX · No. 1541 SATURDAY · 24 SEPTEMBER 1960 NINEPENCE



BARBARA CASTLE
Dear Tony Crosland . . .

★

KINGSLEY MARTIN
Gaitskell & Cousins

★

Report from New York

★

W. JOHN MORGAN
Ebbw Vale: Dark Deeds

★

ROY KERRIDGE
Teenage Who's Who

★

JOHN BERGER
on the Quattrocento

★

MAO TSE-TUNG
Midstream: A Poem

The Last Laugh?

Mr Zorin's red-faced retreat last Monday night in the General Assembly before the massed nations of Africa and Asia, when he declined to press to a vote the Soviet resolution of censure on Mr Hammerskjold, illustrates the magnitude of the Soviet miscalculation about Africa. Russian interference in the Congo, coupled with defiance of Mr Hammarskjold and contemptuous disregard of the Security Council, can be explained only by the calculation (not, it would have seemed, unreasonable, despite the memory of Hungary and the occasionally embarrassing association with China) that the imprint of 'anti-colonialism' was ineradicably stamped on the image of Soviet policy; that the Russians could therefore afford to manipulate the Congo situation in the interest of their own Cold-War objectives and at the same time count on the support of the uncommitted 'lobby-fodder' in the General Assembly. Their defeat – especially at the moment of Mr Krushchev's carefully timed arrival in New York – is a real and humiliating setback in a field where they have hitherto had it all their own way.

The important thing for the western powers is to understand what happened. The Afro-Asian vote against the Russians and in favour of Mr Hammarskjold was not an expression of anti-Communist and pro-American ideology. Its underlying stimulus was nationalism, even a touch of chauvinism. The new Africa is to be run by Africans: great powers keep out. Naturally the political leaders of the new and emergent states need aid; in most cases they are still probably innocent enough to regard Russian aid as being on the whole less snarled up with political strings than aid from the West. But at present, they want independence even more than prosperity; and if much-needed aid – from any quarter – seems to become intrusive or too bossy, they are ready to struggle for and establish their full independence free of help from outside Africa. They are not prepared to buy conditional security at the price of becoming involved in the Cold War. They intend to be nobody's 'lobby-fodder'.

Monday night's vote then was a vote for the UN itself. As such it was an occasion of hope. An Afro-Asian bloc, which voted with sufficient cohesion to be a permanent force but which remained generally aloof from the Cold War, might be a thorn in the flesh of both great powers: it could well prove, however, the hitherto missing component in an effective UN machine.

From all this the West may take some comfort, but it should also take warning. American optimism (reported by K. S. Karol on another page) that the uncommitted nations can now be 'swung over' to the American concept of disarmament and co-existence could prove as serious a miscalculation as Mr Krushchev's. For the moment the problem of the Congo reverts to Mr Hammarskjold and the Security Council – whose instructions incidentally the Russians may carefully refrain from flouting. The General Assembly will concern itself in speech and vote with general debates on the issues which divide the world. On the admission of China, for instance. On Algeria and Cuba and South Africa. On general disarmament and nuclear testing. Issues which are crucial to western policy, but upon which the smaller, 'uncommitted' powers feel deeply committed. President Eisenhower – and doubtless Mr Macmillan – may make excellent speeches proclaiming the liberal faith and pacific intentions of the West. But votes, not words, will be the touchstone. Mr Krushchev's first and symbolic action on arriving at the United Nations was personally to walk across the Assembly Hall to cast the Soviet vote. If in the weeks ahead he votes for China, for Algeria, for Cuba, for an attractive-sounding and comprehensive scheme of general disarmament, and against racialism in South Africa, he will force the western powers to live up to their words or eat them. And, when in his own good time he leaves New York, his smile may yet be even broader than when he arrived.

Comments on the Week's News

Africa

Cross Winds

Our Commonwealth Correspondent writes: The dramatic chaos in the Congo has tended to conceal important developments in other parts of the African continent. Yet these developments are important for the whole future of Africa and may well have an influence in the Congo itself. In Tanganyika the first real general election has filled 70 of the 71 seats with supporters of Mr Nyerere, who is now the country's first Chief Minister with a government controlled by elected members. Even more significantly, Mr Nyerere has the support of all the European and Asian leaders in addition to his African colleagues. In Southern Rhodesia an increase in the number of parliamentary constituencies foreshadows the election of African members for the first time; although their number will be only between four and six, it is quite probable that they will hold the balance between Sir Edgar Whitehead's United Federal Party and the Opposition Dominion Party. At the same time a select parliamentary committee has recommended radical alterations in the Land Apportionment Act, the bible of white supremacy. These changes, however, will certainly not satisfy the rising demands of African nationalism.

Meanwhile, Mr Macleod has been visiting Uganda this week after spending three weeks in argument with the Kabaka of Buganda and his ministers. The issue in Uganda is a clash of opinion among the Africans themselves. The modernists, represented by the Congress movements, are demanding early independence in a democratic unitary state. The traditionalists, mainly centred in the Kabaka's court and his parliamentary Lukiko, fear that this will mean a weakening of the Kabaka's feudal position and of their traditional authority. They therefore demand that the Protectorate become a federal state, leaving their wealthy province of Buganda to continue under traditional rule. The Colonial Secretary has indicated that preparations for the nation-wide general election of next year must continue. The new Protectorate parliament and government will have majorities of elected members, but a Relationships Committee will then study the whole question of the form which the new state should take. This ruling encourages the modernists whilst antagonising the traditionalists; the danger is that further clashes may develop between the two sides and that the strongest pressure will be brought by traditionalists to prevent voters registering in Buganda. A Protectorate parliament without participation from Buganda would almost certainly lead to a new constitutional crisis.

It is unfortunate that the Colonial Secretary has not extended his journey to Northern Rhodesia. The situation there is now becoming dangerously critical. The Africans of Northern Rhodesia cannot be expected to see progress towards an African state being made in neighbouring Nyasaland and themselves remain content under white domination. Kenneth Kaunda and his colleagues are desperately trying to maintain a peaceful constitutional policy, but if they are given no promise of reform they will certainly be swept aside by the extremists – and perhaps by violence.

New Boer Republic

A correspondent writes: 'The President of the Republic will be responsible only to God'. This is one of the clauses in the dream constitution of the new Boer republic which the Nationalists published many years ago. Their opponents have recalled it in an effort to stir up wider interest in the current campaign preceding the plebiscite of 5 October when fully 15 per cent of the adult population will be entitled to answer the question, 'Are you in favour of a republic?' Dr Verwoerd has already announced that if the verdict of the polls goes against him, he will use other means, such as ordinary legislation, to make the constitutional changes contemplated. Uncertainty how far these changes will reach has roused the opposition of the English-speaking minority, including many who are not attached to monarchy.

Having lost every constitutional battle fought against the Nationalists in the past 35 years, the English would have viewed a change to a normal type of republican constitution without misgiving, if the times were not so deeply out of joint. They know that even their own United party has always retained in its programme a conscience clause allowing the dwindling Afrikaners in its ranks to cherish their old republican ideal, at least in theory. But to-day every political instinct warns the English that this will be the wrong kind of republic introduced by the wrong people at the wrong time. Dr Verwoerd has denied any ambition to become the first president, yet he has never clarified the future relation of prime minister to president. Instead he has emphasised that the republic will have a Christian basis. When the South Africa Act was originally passed by the House of Commons in 1909, it contained no reference to religion. Fifteen years later, as an after-thought, Hertzog inserted a new first clause which simply stated that 'the people of the Union acknowledge the sovereignty and guidance of Almighty God'. A cynic would say that legislation deteriorated markedly from that day, which coincided with the period of office of the first Nationalist government. Be that as it may, Christian in these days is understood on all sides to mean 'Christian-National'. As such, it covers an educational plan, long under public discussion, which frowns on Darwinism and insists on the new school subject of 'race studies' that already dismays parents. A new Bill has also been drafted to bring the schools, hitherto under provincial councils, under the control of the central government, something that the English in Natal will detest. Not least, the English language, already under attack in the African and Coloured schools, is likely in due time to find itself treated in public life as a foreign tongue, since the guarantee protecting its position in the present constitution was undermined long ago by judicial decision, and is daily ignored by the civil service. Any restraint felt by the Nationalists no longer comes from consideration of 'the other section of the white race'. It comes from their own uncertainty and anxiety about the reaction of the Commonwealth and in particular about the economic effect of losing trading preferences. Dr Verwoerd has tried to allay this anxiety with the assurance that Britain's Conservatives always put business before sentiment. In this view he is strengthened by the knowledge that big business in the Union, financed mainly by British capital, has never allowed itself to be deeply disturbed by constitutional questions. It has made its peace with the Nationalists in the belief that if it refrained from anything more effective than formal opposition to the government, apartheid would not be carried to a point where it would injure large economic interests such as mining and industry. Here lies a clue to the paradox of South Africa which keeps economic and political power in different hands. Having despaired of wresting political power from the Afrikaners, English businessmen have in effect given up the struggle, and they concentrate their energies on making money while the sun shines. So the new republic, when it comes, will be accepted with resignation – provided always that the Nationalists do not take any perceptible strides towards the kind of corporate state which has no respect for old-established vested interests.

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New York

The Big Show

K. S. KAROL *cables from New York:* The contrast between Mr Krushchev's arrival in the United States this week and his official visit last year is a measure of the deterioration in East-West relations over the past six months. But despite the contrived hostility of his reception, Krushchev appeared smiling and relaxed; he seemed unaware of the lack of official courtesy, and to me at least he gave the impression of being far more at ease entering the US through the back door than he was when he trod the red carpet in Washington. We journalistic observers felt highly uncomfortable; the object of our scrutiny was not. Why?

In the Soviet entourage it's said that Krushchev has in no way changed his objectives since last year. He still wants an understanding with the US, because without this no disarmament agreement and no working basis for coexistence is possible. But the U2 affair proved that direct negotiation with the

US is not on. The anti-disarmament forces in Washington are powerful enough to torpedo any effort of this kind. It is necessary, therefore, that the UN bring pressure on America to negotiate, and that the UN should supervise the execution of any agreement. Thanks to the change in the balance of power within the UN, Krushchev believes that this new tactic will work better than the methods he tried at Camp David.

The Russians – who rarely indulge in pleasantries – even used a metaphor to explain their policy to me: 'Eisenhower is a saint who would doubtless be levitated to heaven were he not tied to earth by his passion for golf. Alas, all Presidents of the United States have devils at their court, whose temptations they are unable to resist. But it's a well known fact that devils are afraid of noise as well as fire. To get successful negotiations with America going, the entire world must raise its voice in a great popular noise to frighten away the wicked devils who surround Eisenhower. The UN is the ideal place for this international clamour to make itself heard'.

I could cite other remarks like this. They all have the same object: to persuade us that Krushchev's intentions are as pure and peaceful today as they were during his US tour in 1959. Paradoxically, while Soviet tactics in the UN lobbies strike a note of peaceful optimism, the Americans also have recovered their confidence in their ability to influence the UN. This apparently springs from the defeat the Russians suffered over the Congo vote. US experts tell me that Eisenhower and Herter believe themselves capable of unmasking Soviet bad faith and swinging over the uncommitted nations to their conception of disarmament and coexistence. 'The Russians', they say, 'have a much too crude idea of the mentality of the ex-colonial peoples. In trying to exploit nationalist feelings for propaganda purposes, they have succeeded in arousing deep suspicions among those whom they claim to defend. Another example of Soviet miscalculation is provided by the Castro-Krushchev meeting in Harlem. If these two anti-American bosses think they can put it over the Negroes and use them as an instrument to demonstrate anti-capitalist solidarity, they're making a big mistake. The Negroes do not like whites in Harlem, whatever their origin. And they dislike being exploited for anti-US purposes. If K & C go on like this, you'll find that, within a few days, there will be anti-Castro and anti-Krushchev demonstrations in front of the same hotel where they embraced each other on Tuesday.'

Hence, as the big show opens, both the super-powers exude optimism. For the moment, the sheer spectacle takes pride of place to the politics. I have never seen so many international bigshots scrabbling for headlines. Castro goes in for the dramatic scene, Marshal Tito smiles to right and left, Krushchev parades right across the Assembly hall to put his vote personally in the ballot box, leaving Gromyko to sit tight. And the cast is not yet complete: as I write, Nasser, Sekou Touré, Nehru and Macmillan are on their way or expected, and the big speeches have scarcely begun.

Meanwhile, what is going on among the 'voters' for whom the two big powers are competing – the Afro-Asian bloc? There is little doubt that the Africans, whose intentions are largely unknown, and the Asians, mainly 'neutralists', are profoundly divided among themselves. One has only to visit the Assembly to see that Mr Krishna Menon has a good deal of sympathy for Tito, that Mongi Slim of Tunisia does not like the Russians, and that certain Negro delegates are delighted when Krushchev embraces Castro, while others look embarrassed. The fact is that, in this context, the votes cast by M. Bakary Traoré, a veterinary surgeon from the Haute Volta, are worth as much as Mr Herter's, and that the men from Africa prefer to talk to each other than to listen to the great powers. They will not be easy to win over, and their attitudes cannot be calculated in advance.

Washington

No Popery

ROBERT BENDINER *writes*: It is possible that deep down in the mind of the electorate are all the grave issues that should be there, but so far the presidential campaign has revolved, rather, around the 'personal images' of two young men and an issue warmed over from the 16th century. The images are not yet in focus, and the heralded series of television debates between the candidates is expected to serve this purpose rather than to illuminate such questions as nuclear disarmament, African nationalism, and the country's rate of economic growth. The debates will go far, that is, to persuade the voters that Kennedy is either (a) a reincarnation of FDR in his early days, as Kennedy's more ardent supporters see him, or (b) a perpetual Ivy League senior with a toothpaste smile, the charms of the well-favoured rich, and a taste for London tailoring; that Nixon is either (a) a new Lincoln, up from the people, in whose service his young face is already furrowed with the cares of office, or (b) a slippery fellow with the soul of a computer.

However these personal encounters come out, it now appears that a great many voters – shockingly more than the most acute observers thought possible – seem prepared to vote, or not to vote, solely on the basis of religion. There is reason to believe that from the start an uneasy feeling existed in some quarters of the American Catholic hierarchy that Kennedy's candidacy might be frustrated in the end, like Alfred E. Smith's, and that it would in any case serve to stir up ill feeling. If such fears did in fact prevail, they were dismally prophetic. Without the handicaps that Smith had besides his Catholicism, Kennedy may well win the election, but the religious issue has already stirred up enough emotion to convince him that it is the hottest he will have to face.

On the lowest, and widest, level the spiritual descendants of Titus Oates have been flooding the back-country with the sort of scurrilous and absurd material that once persuaded the yokels of Dixie that Smith's first act as President would be to build a trans-Atlantic tunnel linking the White House cellar with the basement of the Vatican. Serving the same purpose for the country's respectable middle class, while loftily disavowing all vulgar prejudice, popular Protestant clergymen like Dr Norman Vincent Peale and Dr Daniel Poling have invited national scepticism about how separate church and state could be in a Kennedy Administration. And in the metropolitan areas of the Northeast a striking difference between 1928 and 1960 has evolved. The opposition to Smith on religious grounds came overwhelmingly from the bigots and the Know-Nothings of the South and Midwest. The intellectuals and liberals were solidly for him, and his formal reply to his theological critics was prepared for him by two distinguished Jewish advisers. Kennedy's Catholicism, on the other hand, is an issue not only in what Mencken called the Bible Belt, but also in those urban and urbane circles whose members would sooner confess to burglary than to religious bias. There is hardly a Kennedy supporter in these quarters who does not number among his close friends several who have open doubts whether a Catholic should be President, who talk of staying home on election day.

CIVIL DEFENCE FRAUD

Reprints of M. C. Berenbaum's article in the NEW STATESMAN *of 3 September are available in leaflet form at 3s. per dozen, 10s. per 50, £1 per 100 or £8 per 1,000 (post paid) from:*

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For this shift, the reasons are not hard to detect. In the 32 years since Smith ran, the attitude of American liberals toward the Roman Catholic Church has been coloured by the Spanish Civil War, by the imposition of birth control and censorship laws in several states, and by running controversies with suburban Catholic groups over school problems, especially public services for parochial schools. Years of such local feuding have roused suspicions, and it does not seem to matter that they are totally irrelevant on the level of the presidency. They have caused irritations for which Kennedy, whose belief in the separation of church and state has been more emphatically declared than any Baptist would dare to state it, now unreasonably pays the price.

What may save the day for Kennedy is the fact that the religious issue was brought in too blatantly and too soon. However uneasy some liberals may be about sending a Catholic to the White House, they are clearly unhappy sharing the negative thoughts of the author of *The Power of Positive Thinking*. Even more, they are impressed by such reports as James Reston's, from Texas, to the effect that much of the clerical anti-Catholic propaganda is 'financed by interests outside the church in an effort to defeat Kennedy's liberal economic policies as much as to oppose his religion'. Among Catholic Republicans, too, the campaign is inevitably beginning to backfire.

The net result is that Kennedy may gain more than he loses, but with all that faces the country in the next four years, it seems a pity to be re-fighting the Reformation.

Moscow

Idlers, Loafers and Spongers

Our Moscow Correspondent writes: The campaign against idlers, which has brought public attention to bear on matters nearer home than the Congo or even Outer Space, is linked with the Communist Party's efforts to improve the political consciousness of the masses. This is a problem which has stood high on the party's programme of current work this year. 'He who wants to live well yet work poorly is a parasite,' Krushchev declared recently, adding a reminder that Soviet society adhered to the 'very rational' principle: 'He who does not work, neither shall he eat.'

In the early years of the revolution this principle was applied in its literal sense, for the withdrawal of the bread card was a formidable weapon. Now, however, when there is enough food for all, it requires some qualification; and the newspapers, workers' organisations and social and political associations are conducting discussions about what sanctions should be used against 'idlers, loafers and spongers, those who eat the bread they do not earn . . .' But evidence that the campaign is much broader in its aim is provided by the conclusion of the phrase, used by the head of Agitprop last week: '. . . against private property instincts, political hollowness, relapses into nationalism, superstition, and other manifestations of bourgeois ideology.'

There are those who work badly and those who don't work at all, one reads. It is with the former category that most of the factory meetings have been concerned. In the present state of the labour market few factories are in a position to lay off workers, however low their productivity; and the remedy is seen in the pressure of public opinion within the factory, in 'social education' rather than in administrative measures. 'Comrades' Courts' are being revived. Parents are being reminded of their duties. It has even been suggested that parents should be fined for their children's slackness.

An altogether different tone is adopted in discussions about measures to be applied to the 'parasites'. The Russian language is rich in abusive terms applicable to loafers, those *trutni, darmoyedi, tuneyadtsi* who 'swarm like bedbugs' on the Nevsky Prospect of an evening (Peter the Great used to complain of the same thing). But few people seem to think that pillorying the offenders is enough and more radical measures are being talked about. *Komsomolskaya Pravda* gave prominence to a report of a decree issued by the Georgian government last month giving local authorities powers to exile from the towns those who maliciously evade useful work. They will be set to forced labour for periods of six months to two years under the supervision of the police. It is worth noting, however, that the authorities may act only on the recommendation of public organisations. In Kiev, recently, a part-time hairdresser was sentenced to six years for profiteering in clothes purchased from foreigners; here again it was representatives of the public in the persons of a model factory worker and a university student who faced him as his accusers.

On the other hand, the same newspaper has expressed doubts whether it would be wise to accede to the opinion of some of its readers that all 'parasites' should be deported to remote parts of the country and made to work in special colonies. Instead it recommends that active Comsomol members should patrol markets, places where there are queues for goods in short supply, and other haunts of the profiteer, and should drive idlers, rogues and *stiliagi* out of restaurants, cafes, holiday resorts, dance halls, parks and their favourite gathering places, such as GUM, the big department store on Red Square.

The emergence of this social phenomenon on a nation-wide scale is a symptom of low ideological standards. That is recognised by the Central Committee, which has charged its propagandists with the task of improving civic morale in anticipation of a period of easier living, with shorter working hours and greater rewards for work. The campaign against idlers is, in other words, part of a much wider one to raise the moral tone of Soviet life. Soviet leaders are aware that by creating a 'life of plenty' they are involuntarily creating too a new social problem. Perhaps Leonid Ilyichov, head of the propaganda department of the Central Committee, put his finger on the real problem when he said at a recent conference: 'Some of our propagandists are laying the main stress on the benefits of a Communist system of life. They refer only in passing, if at all, to the efforts that have to be made at work if we are to attain material and spiritual benefits to the full. Such an approach may create a false conception of Communism as of a completely idle life in which people have but one concern – to receive according to their needs. Our aim is certainly not to bring up lazybones.'

Westminster

Left calling to Right

J. P. W. MALLALIEU *writes:* For some 15 years, the heirs of Asquith and Lloyd George – a phrase more convenient than apt – have exhibited themselves in a glass stand from which they could face both ways when begging votes. The best they could hope for was the occasional by-election windfall, dumped on them by electors who had grown disgusted with the two major parties. Recently, however, since the official opposition has seemed to be increasingly official but decreasingly an opposition, the Liberals have decided to make a positive bid for recognition, if not for power; and their plans are beginning to take shape. At the conference in Eastbourne next week, and in the little general election which is to follow, they will get a trial run.

The first move has been to replace both the old dogmas and the local vote-catching expediencies with a recognisable, modern, national policy; and here Mr Jo Grimond has worked with charm and shrewdness. He has dug away the deposits of a century and, beneath layers of Free Trade and Henry George, he has found issues which look as good as new and has managed to propel them into Liberal arenas with a leftish bias. This deliberate act has been designed to attract the radical vote, which hitherto has gone Labour, but which is supposed now to be repelled by talk of further nationalisation. In the new policy, Grimond has not been able to shed all the imprecisions which are traditional to Liberals; but he does seem to have produced something scarcely distinguishable from the programme now put forward for Labour by Mr Anthony Crosland, which, no doubt, was what he intended.

NEXT WEEK

Labour's Defence Policy

A Proposal for Unity

by Rt Hon George Brown MP

Autumn Books

Joyce Cary in Africa
Lord Stansgate on Morrison
R. H. S. Crossman on Ismay Memoirs
Sir Eric Ashby on Cambridge
V. S. Pritchett · Walter Allen

Nigeria's Coming of Age

After policy, organisation – and here Mr Frank Byers, rather than Grimond, comes in. Byers, in his time in the House, was an active and increasingly effective parliamentarian. He was an able administrator and, since his post-House experience as a director of Rio Tinto, I should judge that he is now first-class. He is already finding, what Labour knew long ago, that parties of the left are less amenable to discipline than, say, the Conservatives or a platoon in the army; and attempts to channel discussion at the Eastbourne conference, particularly on nuclear disarmament, in directions which suit the party managers have had to be abandoned. So, too, have the restraints which for a time were contemplated on the activities at Ebbw Vale and elsewhere of Lieutenant-Colonel Lort-Phillips. Nonetheless, he seems to have succeeded in putting a cutting-edge into headquarters and may in time apply the treatment successfully to the regions.

Thirdly, the Liberals are paying attention to their image. Whatever their professions, they have found difficulty in persuading anyone that they were really distinct from the Conservatives so long as two out of their six MPs owe their seats to Tory votes secured under an electoral pact. Here Byers comes in again. He is standing in the by-election at Bolton East, although he must know that he has no chance of winning and will probably come bottom. Obviously he is trying strong-arm tactics. Mr Arthur Holt, who sits by grace of the pact in Bolton West, may not be reluctant to stand on his own feet. Indeed in the Rochdale by-election in 1958 he gladly risked the fury of his local Tories by campaigning enthusiastically for Mr Ludovic Kennedy. Mr Donald Wade, however, who sits under a pact in Huddersfield West, was shy about entering Rochdale, although he is the Liberal Whip, and seems to prefer being head of the poll with Tory support than bottom without it. Byers's intervention in Bolton may be based on a policy of stinging the Bolton and Huddersfield Tories into breaking the pact, since the local Liberals seem reluctant to do so. Even if this means the loss of two Liberal seats at the next election, the clearer image of Liberalism should more than recoup these losses elsewhere. To Byers, Holt and Wade are but bread cast upon the waters.

What immediate effect will all this have on the little general election? The Liberals are fighting six, possibly seven, seats. They have no chance of winning any of them. Their hope is that they will edge Labour out of second place in at least two Tory seats – Tiverton and Petersfield, where at the general election their man, though bottom, was within touching distance of Labour. Unlike in the 1958 by-elections, however, they cannot hope for many dissident Tory votes, since at the moment the Tories are probably more popular than they were at the general election; and whether they can attract votes from Labour will depend, more than anything, on Labour's showing at Scarborough. My guess is that at the end of the fight, the Liberal in each contest will be found in his customary place. If, however, Labour's conference were to develop into the sort of shambles which the TUC produced at Douglas, and the Liberals do well, I would expect to see left hands stretching out from Eastbourne in the hope of touching right hands extended from Scarborough. That, certainly, is the new Liberal strategy.

Fleet Street

The Unwelcome Guest

FRANCIS WILLIAMS *writes:* 'Cool Reception for Mr Krushchev', reported *The Times*, providing connoisseurs of Printing House Square myopia, or perhaps one should more correctly say micropsia, with a new jewel for their collection. After this masterpiece of understatement Mr Rene MacColl in the *Express* struck a harsher note. 'Pier 73 on the East River, deliberately chosen as the spot where Krushchev would come ashore', he said flatly, 'is as horrible a piece of dirt and dilapidation as you could imagine'. 'This slimy slum of a dock', said Stanley Birch in the *Mail;* and Harold Hutchinson in the *Herald*: 'A squalid, discreditable reception . . . A sordid shed alongside a garbage dump with rain pouring through holes in the roof . . .' If they have had time to go through their press cuttings both Mr Krushchev and the State Department may now have had cause to dwell, with different emotions, on the diplomatic usages of boomerangs. Certainly the general British press view on Tuesday was that such pleasure as the planned coolness of Mr Krushchev's reception, not to mention the banners mostly blotted out by the rain, may have given the State Department, was likely to be short-lived. In the general judgment Mr K – imperturbable amid the jeers – had won the first round with points in hand. The *Mail* ('And There He Stood Doggedly Dishing It Out') summed up his speech on the dock with scarcely concealed admiration for a wonderful act: 'The 66-year-old former shepherd boy from the Ukraine played his pipes of peace so skilfully that the West cannot turn a deaf ear to his proposals.' 'Krushchev seemed in particularly good spirits', said the *Express*; 'He almost never stopped smiling and fairly radiated benignity'. It added crisply: 'They may have forced him to use the tradesman's entrance on his arrival – but better watch out for the safe now he's inside the house'. And the *News Chronicle* declared: 'Possibly the old, old story. But the sense of urgency Krushchev conveyed in its retelling, and above all his appeal for "serious negotiations" with President Eisenhower made it a challenge that cannot be ignored.' 'Now Let's Cry Quits', boomed the *Sketch*, which, having cast its crust of international charity on the waters with the nauseating headline 'Will Mr K Die This Week?' on Monday, had by Tuesday decided that it was necessary to 'forget the hate' and 'get down to the business of uniting the United Nations'. Only the *Daily Telegraph* stayed as, no doubt, the State Department would like it to be. Heading its leading article 'Hated Men', it observed magisterially: 'They (Mr Krushchev and his companions) are men with the worst possible records, inspired by hatred of the United States, with motives for their present visit which must certainly be regarded as dubious. They cannot expect ticker tape receptions.'

Even the *Telegraph* however found little cause for satisfaction in the way the general business of Mr Krushchev's visit had been handled earlier. 'The western leaders are now,' it said tartly on Friday, 'reacting to Mr Krushchev's United Nations foray like pigeons who find a cat in their midst. The spectacle is pitiful . . .' It added that both President Eisenhower and Mr Macmillan 'have allowed themselves to be manoeuvred into a position where their presence at the world forum can only be interpreted as a last minute attempt to trump Mr Krushchev's hand.'

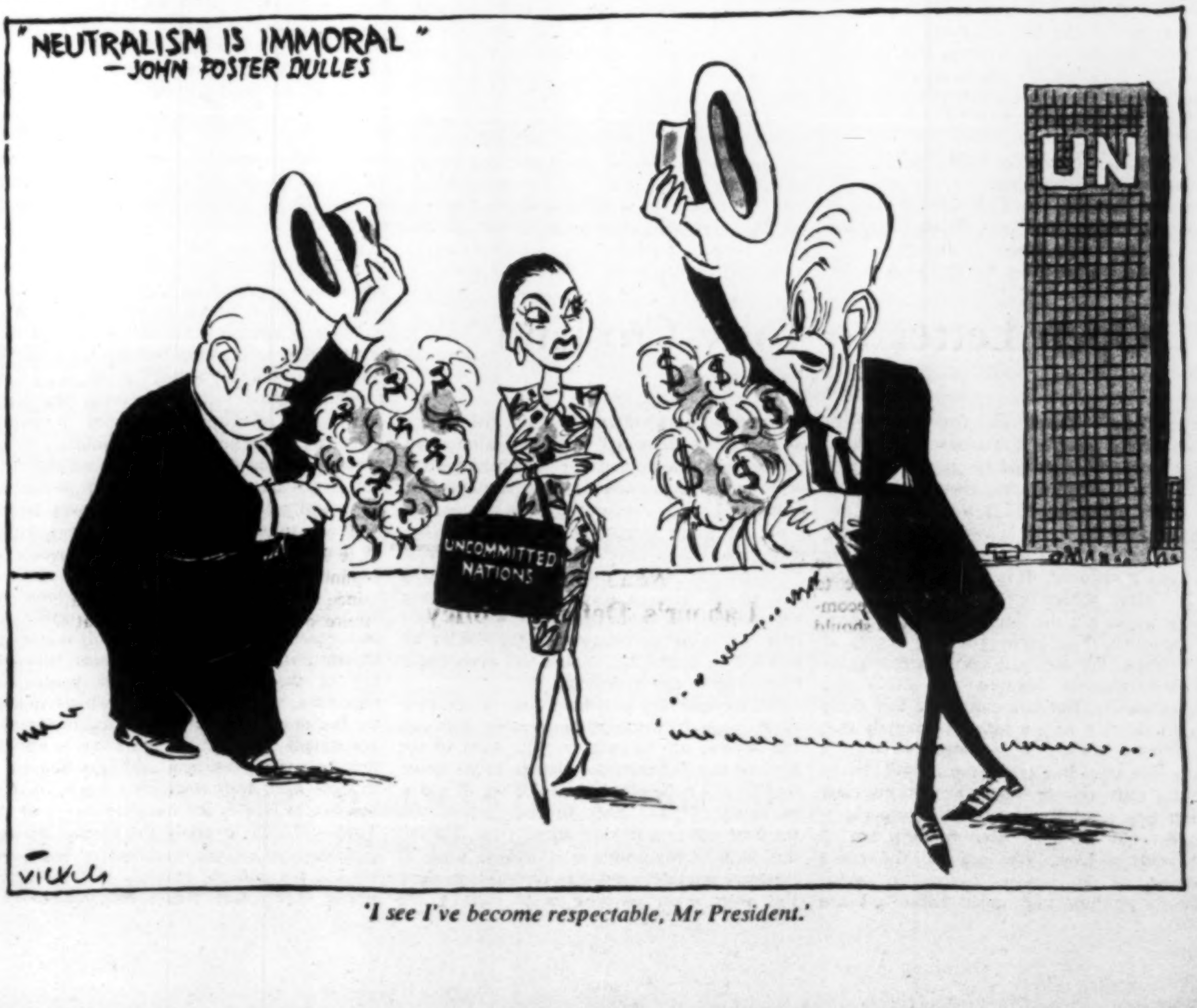
The British press, however sympathetic to much American reaction, was, also, almost unanimous in its irritated contempt for the decision to confine Mr Krushchev to Manhattan Island. 'A political mistake', said the *Sunday Times*, adding that it could scarcely do other than win him undeserved sympathy. 'An unworthy manoeuvre which gives a case to anyone who wishes to say that the United States is not a fitting host country for the United Nations', said the *Observer*, which sensibly pointed out in its leading article that the arrival of Mr Krushchev and his fellow Communist leaders at New York ought to be regarded as at one and the same time a tribute to the United Nations and a challenge.

There were few indeed even among the State Department's best friends in Fleet Street who did not think that if, as already seemed likely by Tuesday, Mr Krushchev planked down a royal, or should one say a red, flush at the UN table, some at least of the cards he held would be due to a misdeal by Ike.

On Monday *The Times* had sought to comfort its readers by quoting poetry to describe Mr Krushchev's miserable situation.

> The boat rocks at the pier o' Leith
> Fu' loud the wind blaws frae the Ferry

it declaimed, pointing out that, as the Baltika neared New York, Mr Krushchev faced 'many unexpected troubles'. The manner of his descent on Pier 73 in the East River suggests that any seasickness *The Times* may have hoped for was temporary only.



'I see I've become respectable, Mr President.'

Gaitskell and Cousins

KINGSLEY MARTIN

Pacifism, despite the newspapers, will not be an issue at the Labour Party Conference. It cannot be a party policy, because one of the reasons why governments are elected is to defend their country from foreign attack. The novelty of our day is that modern governments are compelled to admit that they have no defence policy; only defence by the threat of mass reprisal. This makes a kind of temporary sense as between the US and the USSR, which may deter one another for some years, since a war between them would destroy both. In the case of the small island of Britain, it is sheer nonsense, because if we used our nuclear weapon first we should not destroy the enemy and we should be wiped out by the reprisal; while if we were attacked first we should have no chance of retaliation. It would be of no interest to us that America might afterwards destroy Russia. The CND is a mass protest mainly of young people against this monstrous proposition.

Mr Gaitskell believes in our having the British deterrent; but in order to maintain his position as leader, he has agreed to an official resolution which renounces British tests and British manufacture of nuclear weapons. As the price of accepting it, however, he persuaded the draftsmen of the resolution to renounce the weapon not so much as an issue of principle as because it is too expensive for Britain to make. If the present story that Skybolt will after all be ready by 1964 is true – which is highly doubtful – the official resolution could be interpreted to permit the Labour Party to accept the latest nuclear weapon from the United States. This is Gaitskell's interpretation of the official policy: the opposite interpretation can be placed on the resolution by others who support it.

Mr Cousins's opposing resolution is also a compromise. In contrast to the days of Bevin and Deakin, the T & GW is now a democratic union, and one reason why Mr Cousins is not more precise is that the words of his resolution are those finally agreed upon by his executive. The second reason is that he is unwilling to commit himself to the details of time and method in carrying through a non-nuclear programme for Britain. He is not under the illusion that on the day of its election, a Labour government could at a stroke destroy its nuclear weapons, throw the Americans out of Britain and renounce the western alliance with all its world ramifications. He wants a declaration that Britain intends not to possess or rely on nuclear weapons, and he would no doubt favour our using the leverage of our determination to be non-nuclear to discourage other powers which might be thinking of joining the suicide club.

His remarks are compatible with the belief that Britain should become another Scandinavian country, one perhaps like Norway in that it is part of the western alliance, but harbours no nuclear bases. When you get down to the difference between the two schools of thought, it is that leaders like Gaitskell and John Strachey still hanker after Britain's remaining a great power, while the opposite school of thought holds that Britain should accept the fact that she is no longer a great power but can still exercise a great influence in the world.

As far as the wording of the resolutions go, there would seem no essential difference, except that the official resolution does not unambiguously make the renunciation of the British deterrent a matter of principle. But as they stand, the resolutions will be voted on as sharp alternatives. If the official version is accepted, confusion in the party will be even greater than before, because those who desire a non-nuclear policy will know that Mr Gaitskell remains in charge, having nominally committed himself to getting rid of the British deterrent, but really desiring to maintain it. On the other hand, if Mr Cousins wins, it will scarcely be possible for Mr Gaitskell to remain leader of the party. Is there a third choice, which will preserve party unity, even if Gaitskell goes?

Open Letter to Tony Crosland

BARBARA CASTLE

Dear Tony – Thank you for your article in the current issue of *Encounter*. The whole Labour movement should be grateful to you for it – as I certainly am, even though you (no doubt unintentionally) misrepresent my point of view in it. At last we know, clearly and precisely, what Labour would stand for if it went 'revisionist.' It is a good preparation for the party conference.

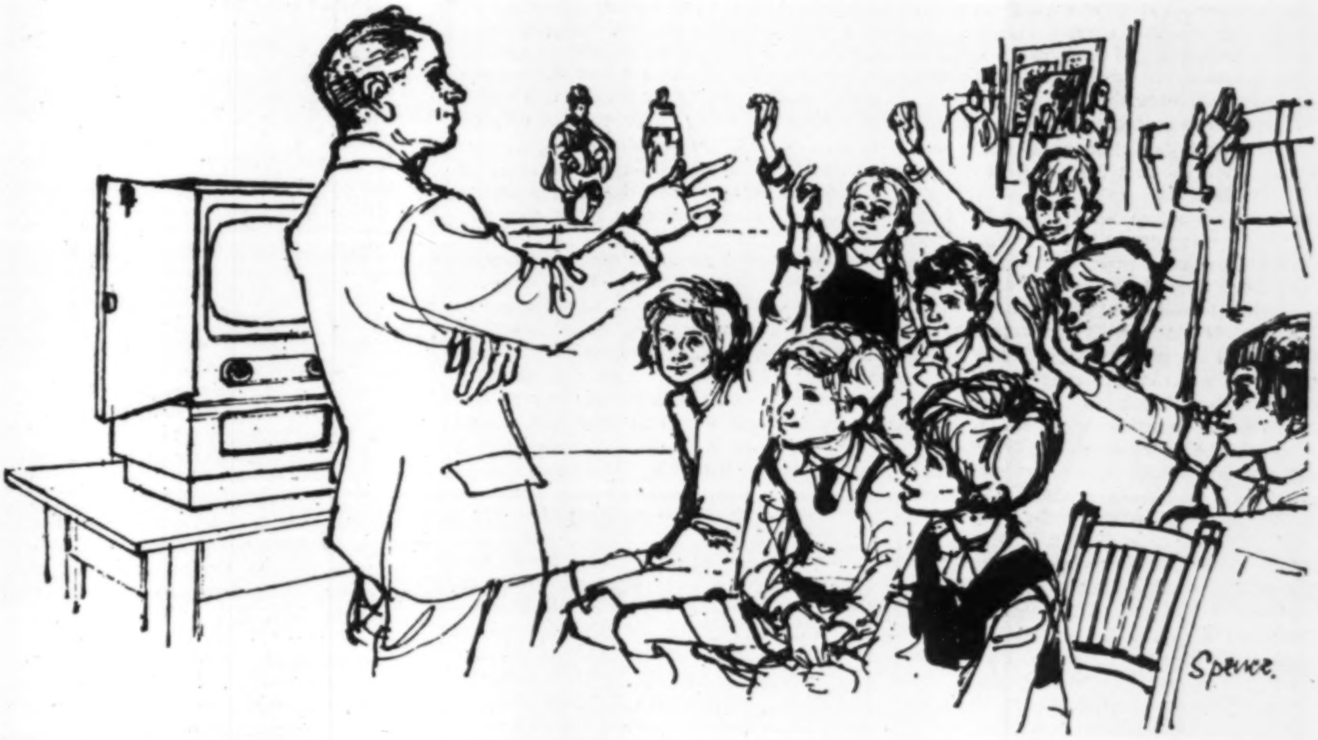
Now let me put the 'fundamentalist' side of the argument. You enjoy yourself hugely at our expense. We are, you say, smug, priggish and self-righteous because we attack the affluent society. But you can make this point only by starting with a fallacy – namely that the affluent society is synonymous with a prosperous one. But of course it isn't. Every Socialist must rejoice when the working class at last gets a whiff of material prosperity – that is what we have been fighting for all our political lives. We applaud the rising standard of life, even though it makes Labour's political task more difficult. When we fundamentalists attack the affluent society we are using the word in the sense intended by the man who coined it – namely, a society dependent on stimulating the demand for more and more consumer goods at the expense of more important national developments like longer term investment – not least investment in *people*, their education, housing and so on. It is a society with the wrong values and the wrong priorities. Worse still, it is inevitably so because of the forces by which it is controlled. You don't even begin to face up to this argument.

On the contrary you base your whole case on the opposite assumption: namely that you can achieve all the reforms you want to see *without any fundamental change in the structure of our economy*. Of course we all agree on many of your aims. In your article you set them out in a precise programme. I won't deal with all the points in it because some of them are not relevant to this central argument. But your main purpose is to destroy the 'middle-aged conservatism,' which, you say, is choking every artery of our national life. And, on the economic side, the main instruments you would use for this purpose are more social welfare, more equal distribution of wealth, more investment in industry and in social capital like roads and schools, expanded technological education, a vigorous attack on monopolies and restrictive practices. All these, you suggest, can be achieved without fundamentally changing the balance between public and private ownership. You admit that there would have to be 'considerable changes in economic policy' (including possibly, selected measures of public ownership), though you don't specify what measures in either field. But further large-scale nationalisation is out: presumably even for the steel industry.

The basis on which you make your claim is a narrow one: namely, your belief that there is no connection between the ownership of industry and the rate of growth in a country's economy. But you never tackle this other point: whether a privately owned economy can ever have the right priorities. You admit that Russia is forging ahead of Britain and America and that there will be a continued relative increase in Soviet economic power, but this, you say, is merely due to a 'process of concentration,' i.e. the deliberate selection of priorities (one of which, incidentally, is technological education). But is it merely an accident that Britain and America are not choosing the priorities which will enable them to keep pace? Yes, you say; and as proof you point to the 'remarkable dynamism' of some western European capitalist economies: notably France, Germany and Italy. But none of these countries is exactly a model of the Socialist egalitarian policies you want our own government to pursue. If they were there would be no need to change their political governments. But in so far as they are not, you still have to show that they can combine both a high rate of industrial investment and a radical redistribution of wealth without disturbing their present pattern of capitalist ownership.

It could indeed be argued that some of Britain's stagnation arises from that very application of 'welfare capitalism' of which you have often spoken so approvingly. What we have in Britain today is just enough state intervention to cushion industry against risk (subsidies, cheap loans, protection) and enough welfare state to prevent the harsh correctives of capitalism from operating. What we have not got is a solution to the problem of how to combine full employment, social justice, higher investment, rising exports and price stability. That is why Britain is about to slide into another crisis caused by that very upsurge in investment which you want to see.

We are facing what the *Economist* has described as 'a familiar and awkward stage of the trade cycle: the moment of the sudden superimposition of an investment boom on top of the existing consumer boom' – a repetition, in other words, of what happened the last time the government tried to stimulate investment in 1954. The remedies it adopted then to curb investment and spending led us straight back into stagnation again. A large number of Tories are uneasily aware of this. They still itch to apply the classic capitalist remedies, which the government has so far shirked for political reasons – drastic cuts in public expenditure plus a ruthless resistance



Television for schools

1960 Autumn Term. September 19th to December 9th

School programmes for the Autumn Term, produced by Associated-Rediffusion and approved by the Educational Advisory Council, include further programmes based on successful series, and the following innovations: an increase in the number of weekly programmes from four to six, with a repeat of each; variations in the length of programmes to suit the needs of different age-ranges and subjects; the introduction of new subjects.

These programmes, based on over three years' experience of school television, are intended to supplement the teacher's own work by using the resources of television to arouse the children's interest and show them aspects of school subjects which cannot be easily shown in the classroom. Teachers' Notes are supplied to over 1,000 registered schools to help with preparation and follow-up.

Autumn Term programme series are:—

CHEZ LES DUPRÉ. *Elementary French. 2nd or 3rd year of study.* These programmes, which are entirely in French, will provide opportunities for children to hear the language simply but correctly spoken in everyday situations by native French speakers. Each programme concerns the life of an imaginary French doctor's family in a small French town specially filmed for the series.

BRITISH ISLES. *Geography. Age-range 12-14.* Some of the principal geographical features of these islands will be illustrated. Most areas will be covered by two complementary programmes: one of which will be specially filmed in the area concerned. The four programmes on Scotland will be produced by Scottish Television.

THE STORY OF MEDICINE. *Science. Age-range about 14.* This series will trace the development of medical knowledge from earliest times to the present day, and outline the frontiers of future medical research. It will include historical reconstructions and an introduction to scientific method, and will show the relationships between medicine and positive health.

BOOKS TO ENJOY. *English. Age-range about 12.* The successful Spring Term series is being continued with more books introduced in the same way. Books of merit, the majority by contemporary authors, have been selected. The aim is to encourage children who are not accustomed to read for pleasure, to use libraries and to derive enjoyment from books.

THE WORLD AROUND US. *For Primary and Secondary Schools. Age-range about 10.* Science programmes involving children in observing and recording the forces of nature both in and out of doors, will alternate with programmes showing how animals adapt themselves to their natural surroundings. The final programme will describe and show film of Sir John Hunt's North-East Greenland Expedition.

THE FARMING YEAR. *For Primary and Secondary Schools. Age-range 9-14.* This series is planned to be of equal interest for extending Rural Studies in country schools and giving town children an insight into farming activities and the country way of life.

These programmes are available in the areas served by Associated-Rediffusion (London), ATV (Midlands), STV (Scotland), TWW (South Wales and the West of England), Southern Television, TTT (North East), Anglia Television (East Anglia), and Ulster Television (Northern Ireland).

Fuller information about these and other 1960/61 programmes may be obtained from the Schools Information Office:—

ASSOCIATED-REDIFFUSION

London's Television

Television House, Kingsway, London, W.C.2. Telephone: HOLborn 7888.

to wage demands. Labour's influence has been strong enough to prevent the introduction of such remedies. Yet how should we secure a high rate of investment without evoking the same problems and disturbances unless we were prepared to extend public control through public ownership?

It is no answer to suggest, as you do, that we could fight stagnation by attacking monopolies. The take-over bid is a more, not less efficient form of exploiting our resources under private enterprise. That is why British industry is being drawn into a narrowing network of large conglomerations, the only units big enough to meet the financial requirements of modern research and development. The inefficiency of small units has been glaringly revealed in the machine-tool industry. Could a Labour government really prohibit take-over bids and break up these large groups unless it had something more efficient to put in their place? Already British firms are falling woefully behind America in research.

As Andrew Shonfield has pointed out in another issue of *Encounter*, the total expenditure on research in Britain amounts to no more than industry is spending on advertising the affluent society. Even so, the taxpayer is carrying 60 per cent of the burden. And he believes this maladjustment will never be corrected without a vast extension of public enterprise – the investment by the state of from £500m to £1,000m a year in research for industry. But is the taxpayer to find this money without becoming the owner of the assets he creates?

It is, indeed, when we come to consider the distribution of rewards in our society that we come to the kernel of the ownership argument. For some time now it has been popular with revisionists to argue that Socialism is not about ownership but about equality. And I want to ask you this: in how much equality do you believe? Nine years ago, in the heyday of enthusiasm for this creed, Roy Jenkins wrote a *Tribune* pamphlet, *Fair Shares for the Rich*, in which he argued that we could get equality only by a fundamental redistribution of property. And he showed this could not be achieved either by increased death duties or a capital gains tax. As he pointed out, the operation of the latter in America over a quarter of a century 'has not produced any very striking move towards a Socialist distribution of property there.' That is why he came out in favour of a 'swingeing' levy on all capital of over £25,000, designed to leave no one with an unearned income of more than £1,400 a year at the values ruling then. But he was honest enough to admit that this would 'greatly change the pattern of ownership in businesses and industries.' The private sector would shrink because 'there simply would not be enough rich people to own it.'

No, Tony, I don't believe there is any easy way out of the dilemma facing the Labour Party. If we run away from the means we shall inevitably be forced to water down the ends. We can't be a radical party unless we realise that the whole nature of a society is dictated by the methods by which it earns – and shares – its bread. Ownership may or may not be irrelevant to the rate of growth; it is not irrelevant to the way in which society distributes its rewards and plans its priorities. I am a Socialist because I believe the good society is rooted in just and healthy economic relations. I am a 'fundamentalist' because the Labour Party has now got to start the second stage of its historic task as it started the first stage – at the bottom, doing the spade work of educating people in some basic truths.

Finally, I am an optimist because I believe that 'prosperity' is making the case for public ownership not destroying it. Man's technological capacity to produce is now so great – and could be greater – that poverty, squalor and ugliness are being perpetuated only by out-of-date patterns of ownership and distribution, which fail to maximise our capacities. As long as private agencies are allowed to control this wealth, exacting a millionaire's rental as well as a monopolist's grip in return for the privilege, they will never agree to distribute in the forms or in the fullness that might jeopardise their power. Nor will they use it to fertilise the grass-roots of the economies of the under-developed areas, which cannot afford the rentals which the ownership of the world's resources can exact. And so our society, both nationally and internationally, will develop the tensions which will threaten the survival of democracy and perhaps of peace itself.

It won't be easy to bring these truths home to ordinary men and women but I believe they are more ready to listen than we think. They are becoming aware, for instance, of how urgent social development, such as roads, hospitals and schools, is being 'priced out' by private speculation in land. And in London, even the comfortable classes are beginning to ask for public ownership of housing property as the only way out of the high rent racket. We shall never mobilise opinion on these issues through the timid compromises which you offer us. That is why I hope that your philosophy of 'revisionism' will be soundly beaten at the annual conference.

THE LIQUEUR YOU PREFER TO BE OFFERED

Drambuie

Next time take the liqueur that everyone is drinking. The ancient recipe for Drambuie includes old Scotch whisky, heather honey and delicate herbs.

London Diary

CRITIC

New York is clearly an unsuitable city to house the UN. It is an ironic fact that it was the Russians at the end of the war who pressed for New York. Now they are changing their minds and many others must agree with them. Either the authorities do not wish to produce the conditions in which the UN can function properly or they are unable to; in either case the city is unsuitable. The pretence that a free country must permit rude and violent demonstrations against unpopular foreign delegates is sheer hypocrisy. The Irish Catholic police stop such demonstrations when they like, or encourage them, as in this case, where they are on the side of the demonstrators. It is impossible to carry on UN business in this atmosphere of hysteria, and it would be ridiculous for the UN to be broken up by this extraneous factor when, for the first time, it looks as if it might begin to fulfil its function of acting as a body instead of being a platform for cold war propaganda. Delegates have the right to demand the same kind of privacy and free access as, say, MPs have in the House of Commons. Demonstrations should not be permitted outside the UN any more than they are outside the Palace of Westminster, which is protected by privilege. No capital city of a great power can be the right place. There are many alternatives. Geneva is probably still the best place, but other less committed and better policed cities are possible, such as Quebec or Copenhagen.

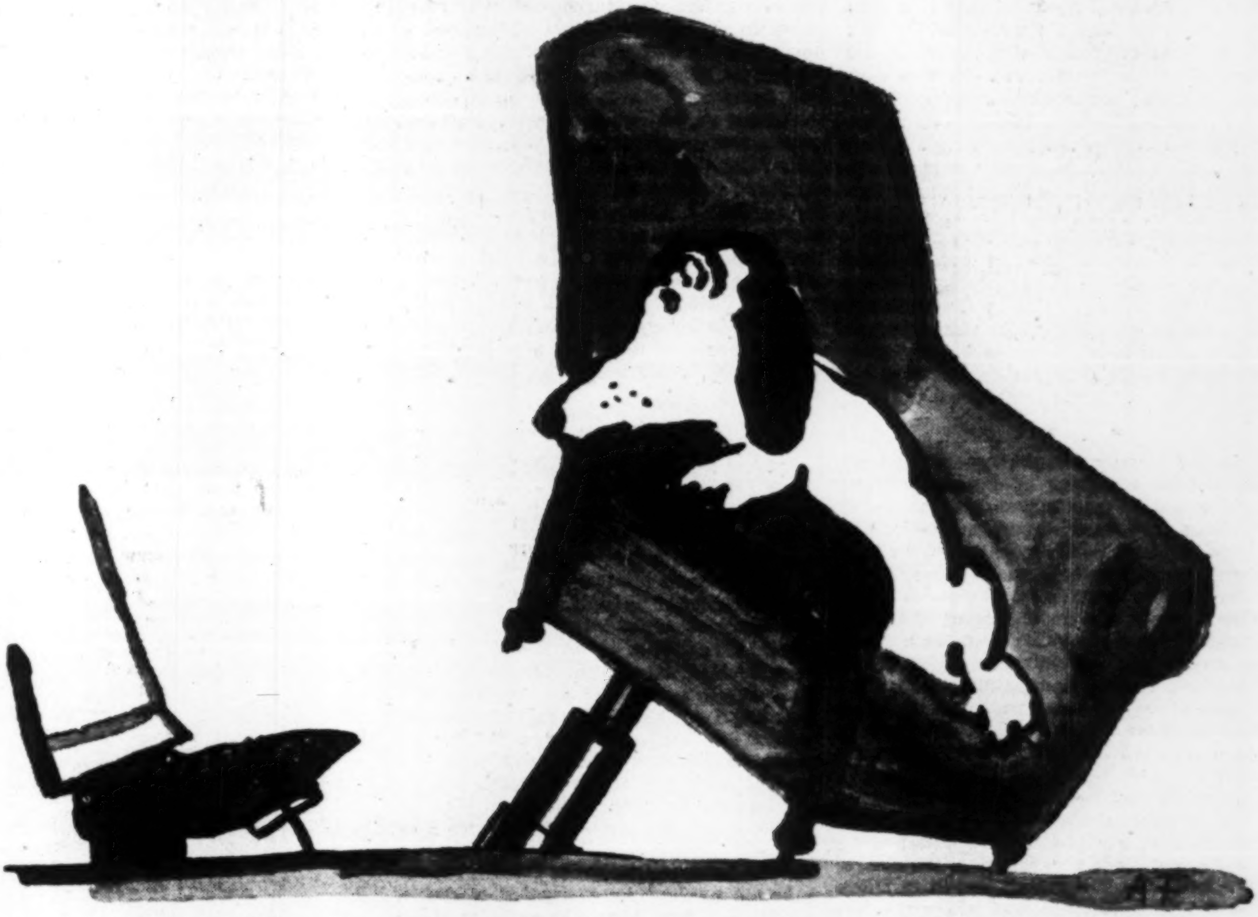
* * *

I don't see how one court of law can commit a 'contempt' against another, but I should have thought the Southend magistrate, dealing with a collection of 'obscene' books last Friday, could have withheld his comments about *Lady Chatterley* at this moment in her career. It was only one of the large number of books before him, but he 'retired to read it' (with passages marked by the police!) and with a very odd disregard of the job confronting some Old Bailey jury next month, 'ruled it obscene'. What happens now if the jury says it isn't? Southend policemen, I suppose, will have burned the copy they seized, and no *post facto* Home Office clemency can undo that. And I wonder whether any magistrate in the country would at this moment deliver a detailed judgment that *Lady Chatterley's* publication was in his opinion 'for the public good on the ground that it was in the interests of literature or other object of general concern'? I think any magistrate, even at Southend, would decide to keep quiet about this for a while and adjourn the case *sine die.* Which makes the Southend decision inexplicable except on the ground that, in this kind of case, the law of 'contempt' only works for the Crown.

* * *

My suggestion last week that Roman Catholics who know the facts cannot continue to accept the Church's ban on birth control have been abundantly confirmed by a friend who is working internationally in the field of family planning. It is, for instance, now established that in the United States about half the Catholic doctors either give contraceptive advice to patients or pass them on to a non-Catholic doctor who will do so. More Catholic doctors are prepared to give advice to non-

Should tipping be abolished?



Are telescopic rams cruel?
Can coaches be light-hearted?
How does a van guard its virtue?

These and other loaded questions of the day are deftly dealt with at the Commercial Motor Show

by TELEHOIST LIMITED
at Stand 50

or componently answered by

WILMOT BREEDEN
at Stand 220

Catholic patients, but nearly half will do so even to Catholic ones. The younger Catholic doctors are much more ready to flout the Vatican's ban than older ones. Puerto Rico which has an 85 per cent Catholic population presents a still more remarkable picture. I am told it has the most complete public and privately sponsored system of birth control in the world. According to the *New York Times*, 57 per cent of Puerto Rican families are 'planned'; 60 per cent of women who have had three children ask to be sterilised. The same picture of Catholic families with the aid of Catholic doctors simply refusing to accept their Church's strict prohibition of contraceptive methods seems to be true of other Catholic countries. Two facts, I think, are likely to persuade the Vatican to modify its prohibition. The first is that abortion is so obviously a bad solution that decent people, whatever their religious faith, must prefer contraception; the second is that priests admit that even where abortion is known to be commonly practised among their parishioners it is not often mentioned in the confessional.

★ ★ ★

In our correspondence columns this week we publish a number of important letters arising out of our exposure of the Civil Defence fraud in this country. I notice that Tuesday's *Daily Mail* carried a Civil Defence supplement – heavily backed by advertising – which shows that it's an ill fall-out which does nobody any good. Among the firms which, it seems, find Civil Defence a profitable venture are manufacturers of radiation monitors, 'couplings and standpipes for Civil Defence use', gamma and beta radiation meters, 'flame retardant paint', saws 'as supplied for Civil Defence purposes', hammers, crowbars and 'heavy industrial clothing'. I was mildly surprised to see no advertisements from crematoria; maybe they feel the bombs will do their work for them. The text of the supplement made no answers to the charges put forward in this journal, but in an article on the Civil Defence Staff College – 'the Sandhurst of Survival' – it did let slip one interesting gobbet of information. The College has 14 instructors. But not one is a scientist.

★ ★ ★

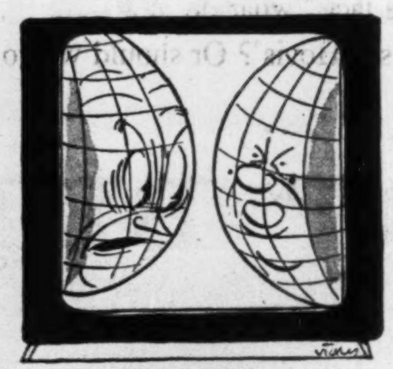
The death of Sir George Stapleton brings back to my mind a remarkable sight. Many years ago when I was staying on his Research Station in the mountains not so many miles from Aberystwyth, one could stand on one hill and see a mile of grassland packed with sheep which kept in a straight line without any fence to stop them wandering. They stayed because he had planted succulent grasses which they enjoyed in preference to the rough mountain pasture on either side. Welsh people in the days I remember were almost incredulous when they saw the cattle on his experimental farm able to find pasture at heights where cattle had never before been able to survive in the winter. His research in grasses has since then led to something like a world revolution in agriculture, and the things that he discovered are now commonplace. That he was so immensely successful was due to his gift for inspiring young research workers who took the new knowledge all over the world.

★ ★ ★

A good many NEW STATESMAN readers will remember the libel affair last year involving C. H. Rolph and the BBC, when Rolph was required, at the instigation of the BBC's libel insurance underwriters, to pay £225 as part of a settlement for broadcasting a defamatory statement which he had believed to be true. When the matter was ventilated in this and other journals by a letter from Francis Williams, Sir Alan Herbert and others, who thought – as I did – that the BBC attitude showed up pretty badly in comparison with general newspaper practice in such cases, readers generously paid off the debt. I now hear of a further sequel of much wider importance. A new form of BBC 'talks' contract has come into use, and it has scrapped the former uncompromising phrase 'shall not contain anything defamatory' and substituted this: 'The talk shall not contain anything calculated to bring the Corporation into disrepute or which is defamatory, provided however that you shall not be liable to indemnify the Corporation in respect of any defamatory material which in the opinion of the Corporation was included in the talk without negligence or malice on your part.' A very satisfactory outcome: the BBC, with its unique vulnerability, could hardly go further than this.

★ ★ ★

If I had won half of a £36,000 prize in the Football Pools and I had ten areas of tattooing over my manly body, I should certainly spend part of my share in having them removed. I should feel, in middle age, that some of their amorous glamour had become stale; the process might be painful; but perhaps an anaesthetic might be possible – even if it added to the cost of £1 per square inch that I see Mr New, an all-night lorry driver from Tadworth, is prepared to pay for the operation. But I don't think I would go with his partner, Mr Reginald Bryant, a publican of Pepperstock, who says that he will let his pigs have a 'quick sniff at some caviar'. Is there any reason to think that good English middle whites like caviar? If they were Russian pigs it might be different. Caviar, as we know, must not be fed to the general, but can it be fed to pigs? An alternative, of course, would be to feed fishes with pig meat, doing a good deed for the day like the Boy Scout who gave his canary to the cat. The truth is that it is very difficult to do unadulterated good in this world. Most things one would like to do with money are bad for someone. Of course there are causes to which I could give large sums of money with no qualms of conscience. But if I were going to devote some part of my share of £36,000 to my own pleasure, as I surely have the right to do, I should arrange with the Post Office to hide all the electric wires that impede my view on the downs by putting them underground. Even then I should hope there would be a useful sum left to put into the Post Office savings bank.



Face to Face

This England

Prizes: £1 for the first entry and 10/- for each of the others printed. Paste entries on a postcard.

When Jess Conrad, singing star from Dulwich, kissed 11-year-old Susan Pinkney on the stage of the Regal Cinema, Streatham, on Wednesday evening, pretty Yvonne Kersting – in the front stalls – broke down.

'I can't bear it,' wept Yvonne (15), a copy typist, of Cambray Road, Balham. 'I'm crazy about Jess. I love him so much.'

After Jess had presented a cycle to Susan, won in a road safety competition, Yvonne ran back stage, pursued by ushers.

Afterwards, Yvonne said, 'I managed to slip a small charm, with my name on it, into his pocket.

'I'm going to convince him of my love,' she said. 'I've already been to his house in Dulwich on horseback, but he was out.' – *South London Press*. (G. V. Smith).

What are the physical characteristics that appear in the really first-class cricket batsman? To hit a ball travelling at 60 mph calls for remarkable sight and reflexes. My observations of twenty years suggest that the best batsman has an egg-shaped head, straight hair and brown eyes. – Letter in *Sunday Times*. (K. W. N. Nash).

'The village has been practically without visitors for three weeks. My house was besieged. It was pandemonium. I had never seen people so upset. They were determined to write to Mr Gilbert Harding about it. I advised them not to and to take it first to the rural council.' – *The Guardian*. (E. A. Shaw.)

Dark Deeds at Ebbw Vale

W. JOHN MORGAN

At the Richard Thomas and Baldwins steelworks here they have a pilot furnace in which the new LD process for infusing oxygen into a steel charge is being tried. The object is to produce as much steel in an hour as would normally take ten, but at present its main public effect is periodically to envelop the lower end of the town in a huge cloud of orange smoke. People you are talking to suddenly vanish.

Out of this orange mist their voices complete sentences like: 'In the dictionary it says carpet-baggers come from the north. But here they come from the east and the bloody west as well'. But even this comes to seem a relatively commonplace experience in the struggle to find a successor to Aneurin Bevan as Labour MP for the towns of Ebbw Vale, Tredegar and Rhymney. 'If it wasn't so serious', one of the candidates put it to me, exaggerating out of the bitterness of his feeling, 'this would be the wildest farce in the history of Welsh politics'.

Aneurin Bevan's dominance of the constituency for the past 30 years is partly responsible for the present chaos. 'We have been in a political deep-freeze, and now we are boiling all over the place', as one potential voter said. But it would be a mistake to think that the cloak-and-dagger techniques, which have preserved excellently in the deep-freeze, possess, like farce, only an internal logic. Rumours may be spread that a certain candidate likes his glass. Grubby notes may be intercepted and plots uncovered and

WHY?

Don't just say brown — say Hovis. That's what we've been saying month after month — and we've been rather expecting you to ask 'Why should I?'

It's a fair question, and you're entitled to know the facts — so here they are. Judge for yourself.

When a miller makes wheat into flour, he doesn't just crush the grain into powder—he separates it into three parts.

These are:—

1. **THE WHITE 'KERNEL'** of the wheat grain. This is mainly starch, and the experts call it the endosperm.
2. **THE HUSK OR BRAN.** This is the tough, fibrous outer skin of the grain, which our digestive systems cannot absorb.
3. **THE WHEATGERM.** This contains a high proportion of the wheat's nourishing properties.

Now what happens to these three parts of the wheat once they have been separated? That depends upon what kind of flour the miller intends to make. For instance . . .

WHITE FLOUR is made from the white endosperm alone. The bran is taken out and used to make animal foods. The wheatgerm goes too—and to make up for its loss, synthetic vitamins and other nutrients are added.

BROWN FLOUR varies, but usually contains endosperm, part of the wheatgerm, and a fair proportion of bran. Wholemeal flour is made from the whole grain, with nothing added and nothing taken away.

HOVIS FLOUR. This is natural, creamy-white flour, from which all the indigestible bran has been taken away. The wheatgerm has gone, too—but only temporarily. It is lightly toasted to improve its flavour and then put back into the flour. *Then extra wheatgerm is added, so that the bread contains about eight times the normal amount.*

Well, now you know the facts, what do you think? Have we been fair to say 'Don't just say brown — say Hovis'? Or should we go even further and say . . .

Don't just say *bread*–say Hovis

scotched by swift telephone calls. Certain candidates may roam the streets in search of key votes like teachers in search of a headship (an old Welsh custom). There may even be some truth in the generally-held view that the first short-list (which excluded Michael Foot and the miners' Alderman Whatley) was composed as it was because some women on the local executive were flattered at being spoken to nicely by some of the candidates. But the cloaks and daggers aren't worn for their own sakes. Each candidate more or less represents arguments capable of respectable recitation.

Thus Michael Foot, as well as being the nominee, presumably for political reasons, of branches of the steelmen, the Transport and General Workers Union and the Trades Council, represents certain non-political arguments. Ebbw Vale, says one group, wants a famous man again, so that when Ebbw Vale people find themselves in other parts of Britain, people will know about them because their MP is always in the news. As the candidates go into the straight he is the favourite, his only liabilities being that he isn't a local man and, curiously enough, that he has the support of the Bevan family.

The second favourite, unexpectedly, is not Ron Evans, the local party secretary and a first-hand melter at the steelworks, but Gordon Parry, a Pembrokeshire schoolteacher, whose father was a local miner who became a minister of religion. The great argument in his favour is not simply the local connection, but that, being young, he can be one of a new generation of Labour MPs untouched by the divisions within the national party. Many local politicos also fancy him as a good MP because not famous and so, by some strange logic, able to bring new industries to Tredegar, which, in fact, doesn't need them. If this doesn't move you, then the alternative argument is that he may become famous. Mr Parry has the edge on Mr Evans because he is the better orator.

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Heading the rest of the field in the local book is the ex-member for Baron's Court, Mr Tom Williams, a barrister who is local in the sense that he was born in Aberdare a few miles away and whose father was a collier. But, like the other two candidates at short odds, he has not himself ever worked in heavy industry. Why should these men be thought of by practically everyone as most likely to win a seat famous for its coalmines and steelworks while Mr Evans, the steelworkers' nominee, and Alderman Whatley, the NUM's man, are regarded as outsiders?

The simple explanation is that the British Iron and Steel and Kindred Trades Association, the NUM, and the T&GW are now roughly of equal strength in the constituency. Once upon a time the miners dominated local politics, in the same way as their industry was the sole prop of the local economy: the Tredegar lodges were among the most powerful in Wales. Came the strip mill and the post-war 'doll's eye' factories – a sheepishly risible generic term for light industry – and now no single union controls affairs. Buttressing this general change is the particular feeling in this week-end's little election-to-decide-the-by-election that neither BISAKTA nor the NUM has chosen an outstanding candidate; while the T&GW (who have many members in the steelworks) have not nominated a candidate as such. On the first ballot on Saturday evening, votes will probably be cast as mandated (although even this is not certain). Thereafter it will be a 'broken field' formation. Much as the steelworkers and coalminers may regret that there will be no one to reflect in the Commons their peculiar tough, comic and romantic vision in their own charming accent, they will have to pick themselves a professional man.

Not that it follows that one of the favourites will win, as hardened horse-backers in the pubs masochistically remind one. Look at the executive short-list, they say, from which Whatley and Foot were excluded. But that analogy doesn't quite hold: on the executive there are few trade unionists, and anyway on that famous occasion there were 25 people each with five votes and the sixth man (Foot) had only six votes less than the first man, so scattered and planless was the voting, so surprisingly absent were any Machiavellian designs which, the result had students believing, ensnared Ebbw Vale.

On Saturday there will be 200 people voting. It's reckoned that the favourite will start with a quarter of these. The question then is whether 50 votes are enough to create the psychological effect of success in a situation where the usual political pressures will not be operating. So many people have been told by so many people to vote for so many different candidates that they will be left at the mercy of a weird amalgam of emotions – flattery, illusions of grandeur, patriotic Welsh ardour, longings for times past, genuine leftism and disgruntlement.

Ah, yes, they'll still tell you in the ugly valley where Ebbw Vale makes the district's living, and in the pleasant old town of Tredegar where a candidate's relatives are discussed with even more enthusiasm than his ideas, but watch the favourites cut each other's throats and the outsider steal through on the rails.

Practically everyone is enjoying the contest and looking forward to Saturday night like an old-time fair, with hints of a wake. Aneurin Bevan's inheritance was obviously of an impossible stature for any man easily to step into, so that the current confusion, so similar to a popular kind of Welsh drama about disputed wills, was almost inevitable. But this may be said in its favour: at least it shows that politics can have the stuff of life about them.

The Other Times

CHARLES FOLEY

(*The Founder-Editor of the* Times of Cyprus, *which unhappily closed down last week*)

Those whom the gods love may indeed die young, but few of us can hope to choose the day, approve the panegyric and arrange the floral tributes. By general opinion the *Times of Cyprus* rose handsomely to the occasion.

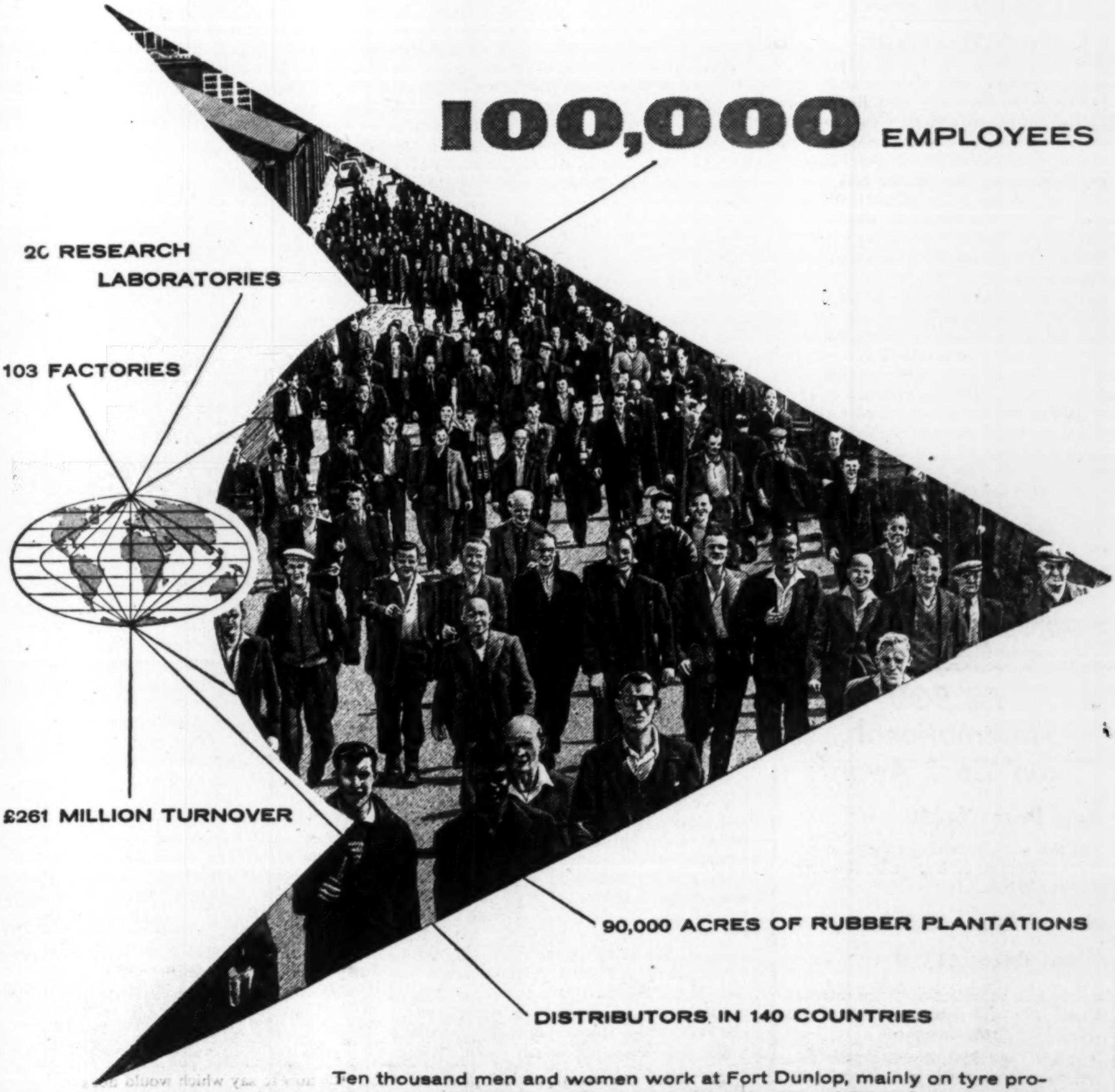
With an editorial band of five, who had also to keep the daily issue going, we scheduled a special farewell edition for last Sunday which kept everyone busy, if not altogether happy, until dawn brought the printers in for libations of brandy, Ouzou and Retsina. This turned out to be a sound move. It forestalled a threatened revolt by members of the staff who wanted to go on running the paper at their own financial risk, handing it back to me if they were successful.

The decision to close had been reached by my wife and myself, as sole shareholders, only four days earlier after months and weeks of doubt. To the public it must have come as suddenly as the desertion of a trusted friend. In the worst days of the emergency we had carried on as a matter of course. The paper had survived the shooting of two men on the staff and a valued contributor – all British – a gunbattle in the office, a bomb explosion and a prosecution in the Special Courts. With the help of friends in parliament and the Commonwealth Press Union we had fought the press laws to a standstill. To-day however we faced the iron law of economics: trade stagnation had halved advertising in two years. To slash costs would bring us down to the level of a local news sheet; to seek outside capital would risk our independence. What purpose would such sacrifice serve?

Conceived in the early days of 1955 as a bridge of understanding between Briton and Cypriot, the paper might be said to have fulfilled its mission. A political solution had been achieved: that of independence within the Commonwealth – which we put forward, greatly daring, in 1956. Our daily leaders which in the past had influenced the course of public opinion and even governmental policy had almost petered out – there was little now to say which would not come better from the Cypriots themselves. All this we tried to explain in our last issue, which was received with respect and sympathy even in the English Club.

Such forbearance, I suppose, could not be expected from those sections of the London press whose calamitous incomprehension of the simplest issues here was so much to blame for the Cyprus tragedy. Next day they jibed at us as 'Champions of the Greek Cypriot Cause' relying on their readers to draw the full horrific conclusions, and doubtless not in vain. It is time to put the record straight, if only for the sake of two score British journalists who at one time or another worked on the *Times of Cyprus*. If by the Greek

BEHIND THE DUNLOP SYMBOL



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DUNLOP SYMBOL OF PROGRESS

Cypriot cause is meant union with Greece, then any of them will tell you that in nearly 2,000 issues we printed no single syllable in favour of *Enosis* and precious little in praise of successive Greek governments. Indeed, by filling the front page with an exposé of its inflammatory broadcasts, which soon after were jammed, we drew upon ourselves the wrath of Athens Radio. The cause we stood for was the good name of England and the old values which so many had forgotten.

The Times of London, a smug namesake whose neglect of Cyprus was high among the reasons why those in power supposed its grievances could be shelved for ever, remarked with fastidious distaste that the closing of 'what was probably the most controversial newspaper in the Middle East had caused a major sensation in the Island'. It found deep significance in the fact that 'in March of last year Mr Foley achieved a "scoop" – he was the only Briton to be received by Grivas when the Eoka leader met the local press on the morning he was flown out of the Island'.

Let us be plain. I had never set eyes on Grivas until that morning (7.30 am, when the Ledra Palace newshawks are fast asleep but local editors go to work) and I have never seen him since, in spite of hammering on his door in Athens. The best evidence of objectivity is that the *Daily Express* paid £100 for the right to reprint my impressions of the conference. Such 'scoops' were expected from the *Times of Cyprus.* We had a world exclusive interview with Field-Marshal Harding on his arrival in Cyprus ('If this is a job for a soldier', we concluded, 'then no better soldier could be found'); we 'scooped' Lord Radcliffe's appointment as Constitutional Commissioner (and championed him long after Makarios and the Greeks had turned down his proposals); we 'scooped' interviews with the Eoka-hunting Generals Kendrew, Bourne and Darling. We scooped a statement from Harding in August 1956 when he said it was 'up to Eoka' to make the first move for peace – next day Eoka acted on the news by proclaiming a cease-fire. But why go on? *The Times* of London correspondents should get up earlier in the day.

Another right-wing London paper, which we had castigated in the past for their distortions, truncated a farewell message from Makarios, making it appear that he expressed Greek Cypriot affection and gratitude for reasons only to be guessed at. The actual message came from the President of the Republic on behalf of all communities and it thanked us for holding before them an example of 'the fair and liberal-minded English spirit which had brought about the reconciliation between our two countries'. That the President's message was accompanied by tributes from the Turkish Cypriot Vice-President and leaders of other minorities was presumably not news; but surely they might have mentioned that we further received a cordial farewell from General Musson, Acting Commander, Middle East Land Forces, which referred to the large circulation enjoyed by the *Times of Cyprus* in the bases and thanked us for our services to the troops.

We had our failures and our disappointments. We overspent on personal coverage of every conference which might bring peace to Cyprus, whether in London, Athens or the United Nations in New York; a weekly *Sports Times* proved at some cost that the services are not so keen on games as public relations officers like to think; more imaginative and successful was a £100 Adventure Trophy, which got servicemen marching across mountain ranges and paddling round the island. A week or two ago we elected the first Miss Cyprus to go to the Miss World Contest in London – look out, in November, for Mary Marvropoulou: you'll find she's a smasher.

We had bread and we had circuses. Candid British propaganda documents – like the captured Grivas Diaries and 'The Church and Terrorism' – were serialised in full, and so were debates on Cyprus in the House of Commons and letters for and against Eoka. We got Ferenc Puskas, Hungarian Soccer wizard, to lead the Cypriot champions against the rest in Nicosia Stadium with profits for the refugees. Curfew or no curfew, you had to bring the paper out – even if you printed your own illegal 'Press Passes' – and you had to make it worth the price.

That is the spirit in which a group of former colleagues now in London cabled on the last night of all. 'For us', they said, 'the *Times* will always be on top'.

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A Teenage Who's Who

ROY KERRIDGE

From what you read about teenagers in the papers, it would seem no one over 20 can tell a yob from a raver, or a beatnik from a bank clerk. For the benefit of all would-be teenage-spotters, I present this guide. Naturally, teenage types vary a great deal from place to place, and I apologise to any group that feels itself misrepresented or ignored.

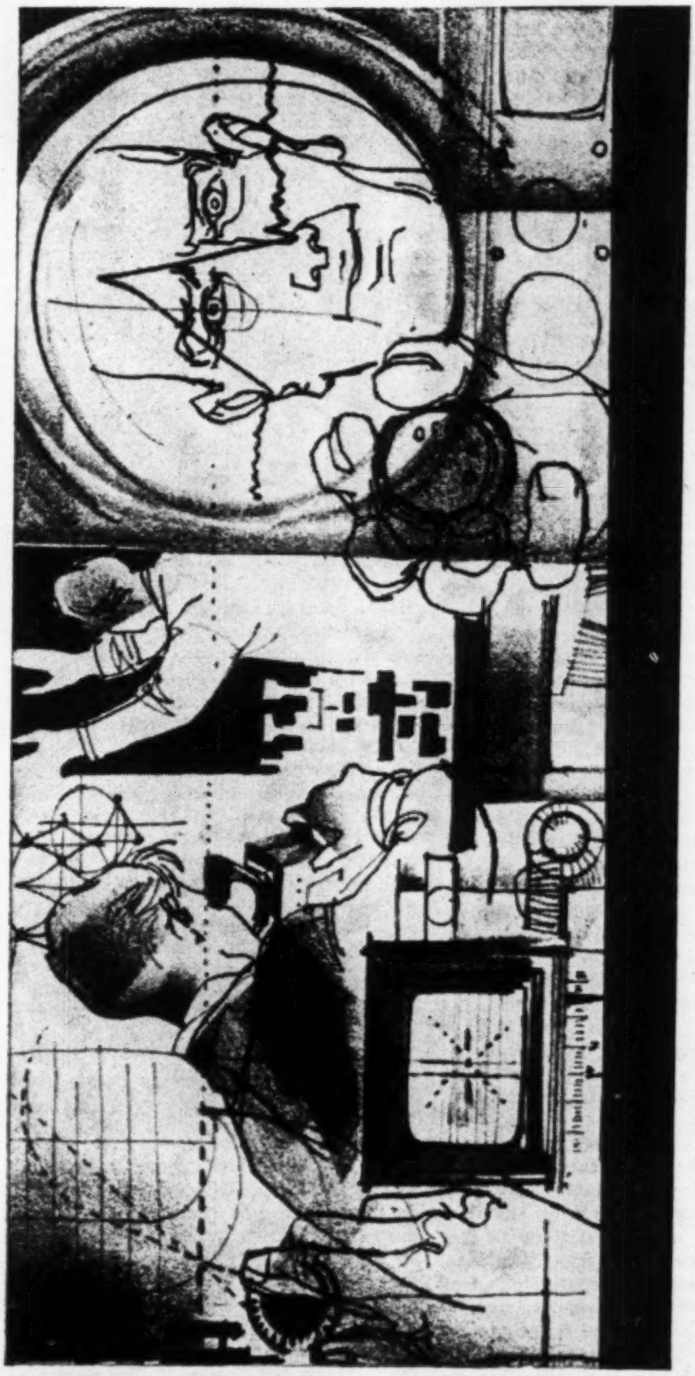
First of all I will deal with what I call the 'fringers.' These are groups of adventurous or rebellious Grammar schoolites, minor clerks and apprentices and the like, who live on the fringe of the hip scene, usually making their headquarters in some sedate coffee house. They possibly belong to a youth club, and also make occasional forays into yob or beatnik haunts – the girls preferring yobs and the boys preferring beatniks. No official uniform, but many of the boys wear brown suede jackets and shoes, bright sweaters and blue jeans. This amiable group is much given to party-throwing, and these parties, which are really mass smooching sessions, show a pretty fair section of British youth. No one stays a fringer very long – they either turn completely hip or completely square.

The most frequently observed teenager is the yob, and his correct uniform is an Italian jacket, slim trousers (slightly baggy) and extremely pointed shoes, preferably with silver buckles. The standard Italian jacket is striped grey and black; but, among the hipper specimens, grey is replaced by crimson, navy blue, dark green or even purple. The whole effect is very dark and respectable, and in every way a contrast to the earlier Ted styles, the only snag being that you have to walk upstairs sideways on account of the pointed shoes. I have heard people dressed like this described as Tony Boys, and it could be the phrase will catch on.

Yobs vary considerably from town to town; and in coffee bar society there is a great deal of talk about 'hard towns' and 'soft towns'. Chichester, Camden Town, Portslade and Littlehampton are all hard places. Super-hip yobs live mainly in Soho and Brighton, and these are my favourite teenage-types, often being extremely intelligent. They mostly inhabit coffee clubs, rather than Espresso bars and dance halls, and they merge imperceptibly into jazz society. Harder yobs, who are often quite pleasant when you get to know them, if a bit dim, mostly have straightforward factory jobs and old-fashioned shaggy hair-do's. Super-hip yobs have curious jobs when they're not on the dole – rifle-range attendants, dance instructors, under-waiters, pimps, projectionists, photographers, performers in local small-time beat combos and the like – and wear natty Perry Como hair-do's. Many of them wear Italian suits, which are accepted in almost any hip minority group, and they might come from almost any family background.

There has been a lot written about the leather-jacket set, and in popular literature the black leather jacket has become the symbol of delinquency. This may be so in America, but over here it simply means the jacket-owner also owns a motor-bike. In out of the way provinces, every yob yearns for a motor-bike so he can see the world and visit the big cities. Many slave away at overtime, sacrificing all for a motor-bike, finally get one, and, as often as not, kill themselves. Hardened motor-bike boys, who have nerves of steel, seem to find a new, exciting and almost mystic experience in hurtling along at the speed of light.

It's impossible to converse with these fanatics if you aren't familiar with every nut, screw and bolt on a motor-bike; so they are



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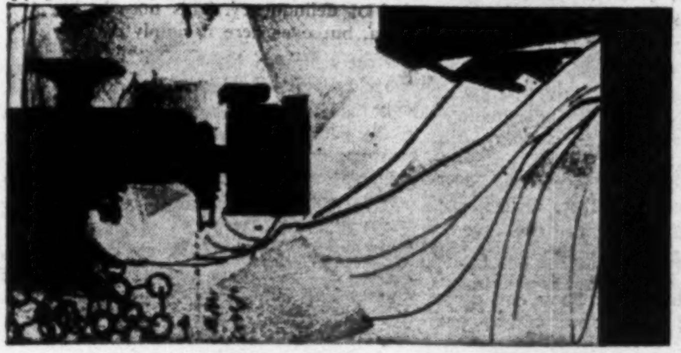

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really somewhat of a race apart and are a feature more of dreary suburbs than of large town centres. As individuals they are either very pleasant or very unpleasant, as there are good gangs and bad gangs. Bad gangs go in for 'chicken runs,' which is when boys hurtle towards each other, and the one who swerves is 'chicken,' or a coward. If teenagers were barred from buying motor-bikes, they'd do less injury to each other, but, being bored, more injury to other people. So altogether it's a moot point. The only people who wear authentic American hoodlum-style leather jackets – bristling with zip fasteners – are sub-teenage boys of ten to 14, who don't yet fit Italian clothes.

A teenage group newly in the limelight is the ravers, or traditional jazz fans, most of whom are fans of that tiresome gentleman, Mr Acker Bilk. As Acker sprang to fame at the same time as the word 'beatnik' was in vogue, his followers are written about in the press under that label, to the fury of the bohemian writers and artists who correspond more closely to the San Francisco idea. When they can get away with it, ravers call themselves beatniks and make a big thing out of believing in free love, by which they mean, when it gets down to it, no more than intercourse with the steady they intend to marry anyway. Ravers don't go much in coffee bars, or anywhere except all-night jazz raves and sessions, as they are really students and bank clerks who like to dress up in bowler hats and jeans once in a while. Jazz for them is simply Acker Bilk, or possibly Chris Barber for the more faithful fans. Teenage jazz experts are inclined to look down on them and generally prefer their jazz to come from America.

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The atmosphere in a modern jazz club is quite different from the overhearty backslapping ravers on their frantic Rave Nites. This is jazz that the fans really *believe* in, not just use for an excuse to dress up and have a ball. There isn't much jiving, but everyone strains forward in his chair, anxious to catch every note. Although my own sense of musical appreciation stops at Adam Faith, the sincerity greatly impresses me. Everyone is quiet and sophisticated, and the teenage fans (one to every 40 traditional fans) dress in slim Italian suits and pointed shoes, and are so hip that class has long ceased to have any meaning for them.

I don't know whether I ought to include beatniks here, as they aren't necessarily teenagers at all. Unlike ravers, they are largely intellectual, or at least pseudo-intellectual, and mostly try to be creative artists of some type or another. In some circles, art students are accepted as beatniks, while ravers are mostly just about tolerated. Yobs and beatniks seem rather uneasy about each other and don't mix well. You don't have to have a beard and be dirty to be a beatnik, but it certainly helps. Their basic outlook on life is surprisingly similar to a yob's, except that beatniks are much more sluggish. Actually the whole beatnik racket in Britain is a bit of a fiddle, as there always have been groups of leftish bohemian artists, but no one noticed them until Kerouac came along.

Finding themselves in the news, these bohemians have done their best to live up to the public's idea of a beatnik, and mostly they've managed it. They live for parties, and take benzedrine, marihuana or worse, to keep themselves going from one party to the next; the parties usually being on bleak hill tops or bomb sites. A lot of them have not read Kerouac, just as a lot of Communists have not read Marx. Their taste in music is rather varied, and provides a lot of their talking points. I must say that Kerouac, for a believer in poverty as a way of life, hasn't done too badly for himself, what with films by MGM and all. *Fashion note:* boots are replacing sandals.

Every summer, droves of male French students invade the coffee bars and, to my mind, liven the scene up no end. They wear Italian blazers, usually blue ones, and dark glasses every hour of day and night. As they steal all the girls, many teenagers dislike them, but I find them most exhilarating company and enjoy their boisterous antics, such as blowing up contraceptives and throwing them at each other. (A bit of a waste, though.) A jazz cellar full of French students has the same rich, exciting atmosphere as one full of Africans.

Another feature of the hip scene are the Siamese and Hong Kong Chinese students, who lead very similar lives, but dislike each other intensely. They are both exceedingly rich, and the Siamese especially are very regal looking. Both inhabit high-grade coffee houses, jazz clubs and ballroom dance-halls, as well as greyhound stadiums. Their girl friends are mainly aged 13 to 14 and get it fairly regularly. Most of them are modern and mainstream boys, and also many still enjoy Elvis. Altogether very generous, warm-hearted people, much given to parties.

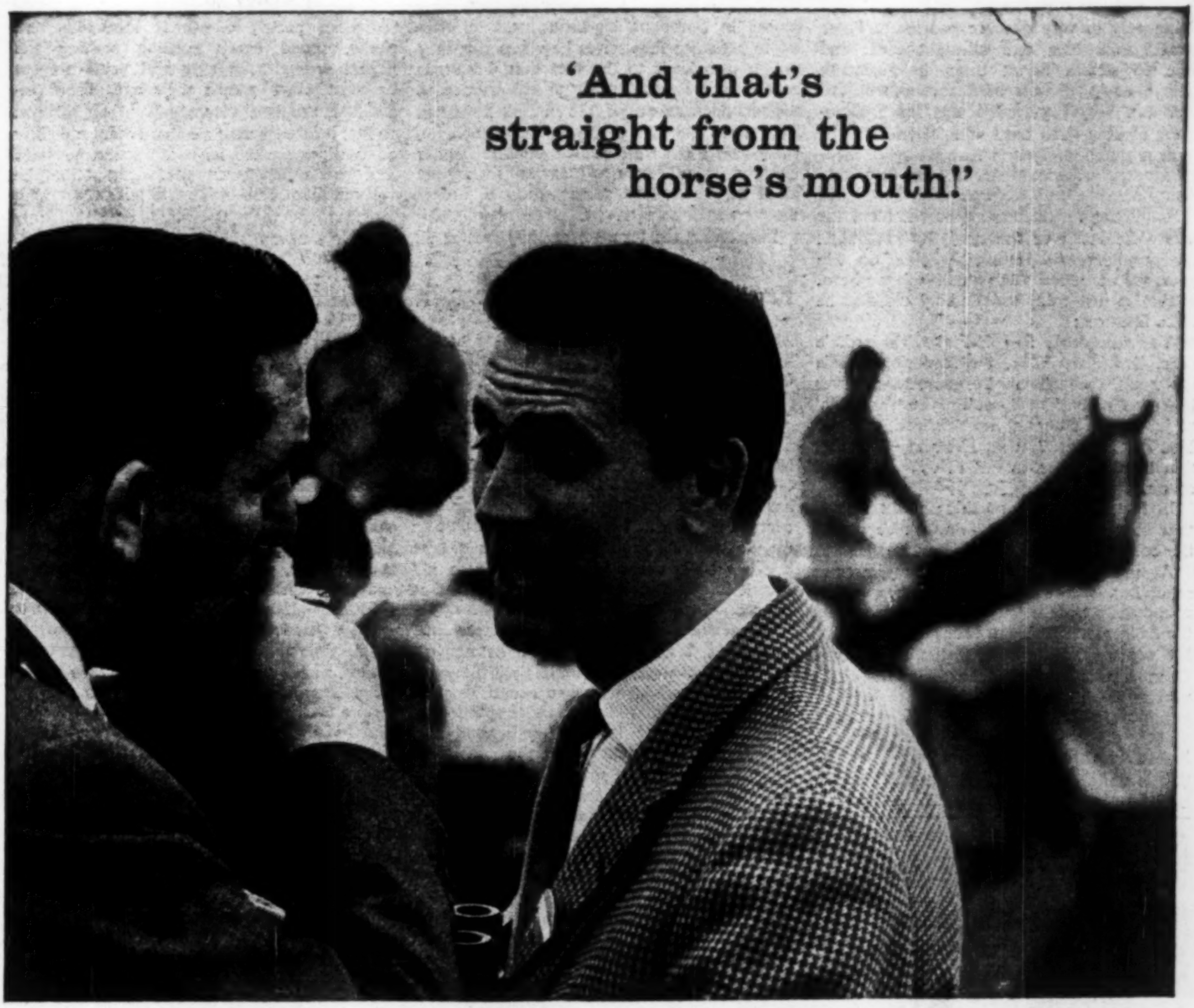
A teenage group I rather dislike are pleasure-seeking, very young men about town. These mostly haunt the classier pubs, but sometimes visit the coffee bar scene, more for a laugh than anything else. Some are quite amiable in a Bertie Wooster sort of way, but on the whole they're much too hearty for my liking. They mostly consist of Young Conservatives, technical students and off-duty ravers. Public school boys are probably rather similar – I've only met one, and that was in a coffee bar, and so not typical, since, he assured me, only one out of every 500 public school boys frequented such places, even in the holidays.

Jewish teenagers, and adults come to that, congregate in Jewish caffs and hardly anywhere else. They're completely classless, as a Jewish youth who works in a factory dresses just as well and just the same as one who studies or works in a bank. The younger teenagers seem a trifle over-fond of gambling. It's rather hard to get on really inside terms with a Jew, far harder than with an African; you can pal up with a Jew, he'll stand you drinks, treat everywhere, meet your friends, but very seldom take you to his house, introduce you to his friends or invite you to his rather frequent parties. I'd be interested to know why this is. I find Jewish teenagers very pleasant and intelligent, and delinquents don't exist among them.

Hard men are also part of the contemporary scene, or of any other scene, come to that. There's always been hards. Hard men are always tremendously large and muscular, and usually are in their twenties—possibly grown-up Teds. Being too huge for Italian clobber, they go in for orthodox dark suits, white shirts and the slim ties which came into fashion some time back when Edwardian clothes were banned from many dance halls. Some of them have had reasonably good educations and are very intelligent, but they fight at the drop of a hat, though mostly amongst each other. They can be found in almost any hip society, barring beatniks, whom they despise.

However, hard men and beatniks have far more in common than either of them realise, and, if you get a hard into beat society, he usually becomes more bohemian than any of them. Most hards shun work, prefer the dole, go inside now and then and hang around the fringe of the big-time criminal elite. They come in three main types – the cheerful villain, very swashbuckling and tremendously sure of himself; the quiet, confident type, and the smooth, shy type. Naturally, they're never short of girl friends, whom they aptly refer to as 'slaves'. Although they can make interesting companions, wherever there are hard men, there's trouble, so it's best policy to avoid them.

We now leave the hip scene and deal with the teenagers left outside it. The most common of these – in fact, the most common of all teenagers – is the hard square. These live mainly in the country and in large industrial areas—in other words, in places with no hip facilities, which makes them terribly frustrated. The country is no place for a teenager – they're all too keen on yearning for the exotic pleasures of the cities to appreciate the beauties of nature. Some buy motor-bikes and get around a bit, but most can't afford it, and spend their leisure hours kicking footballs half-heartedly about and playing bingo in the village hall, while the vicar looks on benevolently and a bit uneasily. In the large industrial places you can see them kicking cans about in dark alleys and slouching morosely around the pubs – prisoners of their environment. Youth clubs are a poor substitute for coffee bars and jazz clubs. Hard squares dress in shabby un-hip working-man's type clothing.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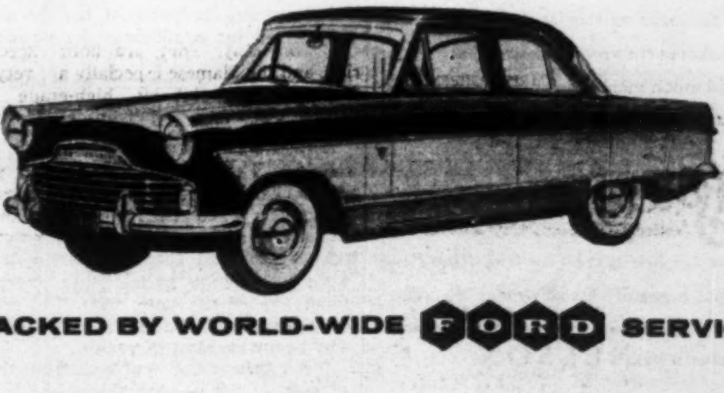

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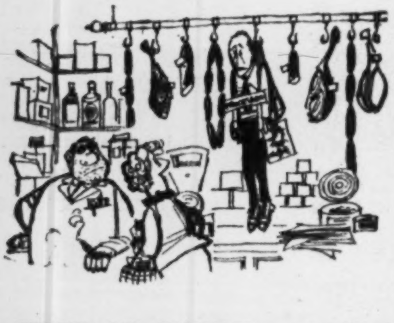
An offshoot of the hard square is the Teddy Boy, now practically extinct and surviving only in very obscure provinces. These inhabit milk bars and all-night caffs, and tend to slouch about town in menacing groups, edging people off the pavement. All Teds are very big-headed and fancy themselves as king-sized hard men, terrorising the adult population. They walk with a hunched-up slouch, calculated to inspire fear, and their faces are both dopey and evil, with slit eyes and tight lips, quite different from the jaunty freshness or the cool, long-suffering, far-away expressions usually seen on hip yobs. Pal up with a Ted (which isn't too hard, as they're just crazy kids) and you'll find he talks like this:

'You know ole fingy? Finks 'e's 'ard, 'e does. 'Im 'ard! Why, I'm 'arder'n what 'e is – saw f' yourself 'ow I crunched tha' uvver bloke las' nigh'. 'Ow 'bout 'im you was talkin' to jus' now? Dunnarf fink 'e's 'ard, don' 'e? You fink 'e's 'ard? Well, I dunno – 'member that bundle 'e was in las' Fridy? . . . ' and so on.

In fact, the only good thing about Teds is that in a year's time there won't be one in the country.

At the other extreme are the Grammar schoolites, whose social life centres mainly round the school hops. Most of them (except the fringers earlier referred to) have no social life worth speaking of until the Sixth Form. Grammar school boys take their girl friends very seriously, write them long earnest letters and seem scared to death in their company, what with wondering how soon to hold hands, whether to kiss or not, and so on. All this is quite different from the yob's casual, happy-go-lucky attitude to sex. Grammar schoolites are terribly shy of hip society, which gives them an inferiority complex. This results in pompous big-headedness as they try to convince themselves how superior they are. It also leads to the fact that Grammar schoolites are second only to old women in their condemnation of the British teenager. They have the idea that yobs look down on them, while the truth is that yobs are either completely indifferent to them or (if they act as if they know the scene) ready to accept them on their own merits, regardless of class.

Last of all, the teenager nobody sees at all – the one with no social life at all, the lonely boy. It's both sad and surprising how many teenagers, mostly Grammar schoolites and clerks, spend every evening reading the papers or watching telly and never go out or meet other people their age. These individuals are usually crushed by their parents. In fact it often strikes me that adults and their conventions are the cause of all teenage woes, and how much better the world would be without them. Still, as I write this on my 19th birthday, the thought strikes home that only another year and I'll be one of them.



A SENSE OF HUMOUR—said Moscow Radio—was on trial in Spain. This was three years ago, when Antonio Mingote was on trial, threatened with a 1,000,000-peseta fine, four years in prison and two years' banishment. Spain's favourite cartoonist had satirized the black market in the grocery shops. The drawing above did much more than any defence counsel to procure his acquittal.

mingote does not limit his subtle satire to present day abuses. Now (with an English text by his friend Jan Read) he has put humanity for all time in the pillory in *History for Beginners* (15s) to be published on October 6 by **NELSON**

THE ARTS & ENTERTAINMENT

Explanations in Purgatory

JOHN BERGER

Ernst Fischer, the well-known Austrian Marxist and writer, has just published in the GDR a book called *The Necessity of Art*. It has become a best-seller and has already sold over 50,000 copies. I hope in a later article to discuss the book in detail. I want now to take just one of its many arguments—and to add that it is the best book on the problems of culture today that I have read anywhere.

Fischer believes that art has never lost, and can never lose, the power of its original collective purpose. He maintains that one of the basic reasons why a successful work of art moves us is that in it the usual splitting-up of human reality into the individual and collective, the particular and the general, is suspended. And he points out that the great periods of art have always occurred when the ideas of the dominant or ruling class have corresponded with the historical social necessity, because in such a period the artist can sense a harmonious all-embracing collective as an actual hope within reach. He then adds that when this hope, as is inevitable in any class society, is seen to be an illusion, the whole position of the artist and his art become problematic.

This argument gives us, I think, a clue for answering anew an old problem, but a problem which nevertheless has been preoccupying me during my travels for several months. Why were the 80 years in Italy from about 1420 to 1500 unique in the history of European painting? What can explain the prodigious scale and high average quality of the art then produced? Why did artists in the nineteenth century, who were disgusted with the contemporary state of art, try (in vain) to go back to this particular period—the Nazarenes and the Pre-Raphaelites? Why have the Mexican painters (with far more success) also looked to the same period for examples? Why did Berenson, the humanist, use the works of this period for establishing the standards by which he judged all art? Why do the tourists flock still to the museums and churches in Italy in a way that they never do anywhere else in the world?

The usual answer is superstitious, almost religious. The Renaissance has been given a golden halo wherever culture is consciously cultivated. Then each gives his own pet explanation. The apprenticeship system. The colossal demand for visual art – paintings were as common as television screens. The small size of the state units. The purity of religious faith. The birth of individualism. The happy accident of genius.

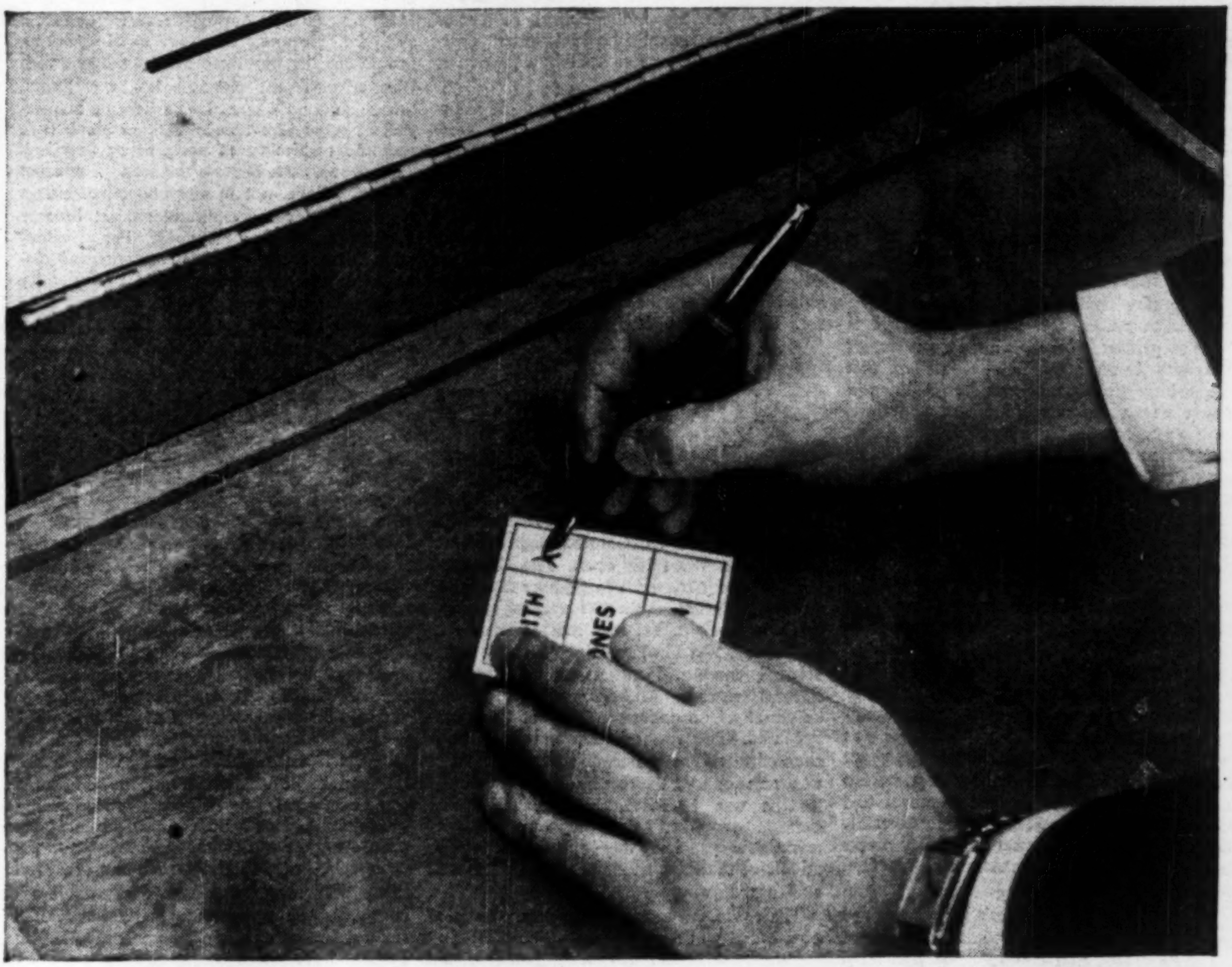
Yet I believe that – at least from the point of view of the painters themselves – we can be far more precise. First of all, it was clearly far easier to paint good pictures then than it became later or is today. Nothing else can rationally explain the output and average. But what made it easier? The artist's preoccupations were utterly different from anything we can imagine. In Dante's Purgatory Cézanne may still be explaining himself to Bellini.

During this period the problem of how to paint a head, a hand, a hill simply did not arise. The actual practice of painting, once learnt, was almost as automatic as the practice of handwriting. Only in Picasso can we now find a hint of what this might have meant. But for the Renaissance artist, unlike Picasso, there was also no problem of *what* to paint. The subjects were there like recipes. Consequently all his energy went into the problem of arranging the component, painted parts. The two great theories of early Renaissance art, Perspective and Anatomy, are both theories of *relations* – of how parts should be related and arranged.

Let me use a rather clumsy image which may neverthless clarify what I mean. Imagine that between 1420 and 1500 the painter's tools included a huge box. In this box he kept his painted images. A foreshortened hand, a skirt in the wind, a river, several different kinds of rocks, cushions, gold capitals, marble floors, one dozen differently raised arms, a magpie, and so on. He acquired this box as soon as he had served his apprenticeship. In it were all the component parts of any painting he might be called upon to paint. In the course of time he would with luck be able to add one or two images of his own; and naturally the ones already there would wear, like any other tool, to fit and suit his own individuality. An artist of outstanding genius might modify the whole contents of the box for those who followed him. Piero della Francesca or Antonello da Messina were artists such as this.

It may sound as though I am suggesting that most of the art of this period was based on clichés. One must, however, be very careful about transporting qualitative words across the centuries. The word cliché, as a critical term, did not exist until the nineteenth century. Clichés as we understand them were impossible before the media of mass communication. The danger of a cliché is that it puts a stop to further observation. It is a case of using somebody else's language for language's sake. In fact the attitude of the Quattrocento artists was the direct opposite of this. It wasn't *phrases* which they had in their box; it was recorded *objects* and it was the actual existence of the objects themselves which excited them.

News Chronicle GALLUP POLL



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It is highly significant how these painters signed their works. Painting was certainly no longer an anonymous activity. The individuality of the artist counted. But scarcely ever did they sign themselves by simply writing their names in the corner of the picture. If you do this, you imply that you are primarily dealing with marks of paint on wood or canvas. A certain kind of mark represents a hat or a roof: another kind of mark represents your name. These artists could not do this because such an implication would have been false for them. They did not consider that they were dealing with marks of paint – any more than somebody writing considers that he is dealing with strokes and dots. They were dealing with painted objects, lifted out of their box. And so they signed themselves by finding a suitable object – a piece of paper, a stone, a bit of masonry, a strip of wood – and, having put this into the picture and arranged it, they painted their name *on it*.

The professional explanation, then, of the fantastic output of the early Renaissance is that the painter worked with objects rather than with brush strokes. The smallest unit with which he would consider building a picture was a concrete thing, not a gesture, nor a sensation – let alone a colour or a shape. This meant that, having learnt his trade, he never needed to give a thought to any of the problems of *expression* which were soon to haunt Michelangelo and later Rembrandt. Michelangelo was the first artist in the history of art who posed the questions: Is a great failure worth more than a small success? Can one express the inexpressible? Rembrandt was the first artist who had to become clumsier, who had to unlearn, in order to become greater.

And what is the more general explanation? It is here that Fischer's argument is so revealing. It would be absurd to generalise too sweepingly for the whole of Italy throughout a century; but, very roughly, the Quattrocento is the century of the early adventures and triumphs of experimental capitalism. Certainly the beginning of the sixteenth century marks the period of the first conservative reaction, the first spiritual slump.

The Quattrocento painter's box contained recorded objects, not symbols. This is one of the main things that distinguished him from the medieval artist. Yet why did the objects become automatically significant, why did he not have to search for their significance and thus reveal the unusual? *Because the difference between the particular and the general at that time seemed negligible.* Early Renaissance paintings are filled with early Renaissance goods. They are like treasure troves – yet how far they are, not only from Rembrandt's bitter conviction that only poverty can yield the truth, but also from the later Dutch property catalogues. In the Quattrocento the particular can still become the general, and private property is still human property. Compare a Carpaccio crowd scene with one by de Hooch. Or compare a portrait by Antonello with a portrait by Hals. How easily the Antonello sitter, for all his individuality, represents Man! How inexorably the Hals sitter represents a particular person holding a particular office.

The famous 'mystery and magic' of Giorgione is closely connected with this fact. Giorgione, working between 1495 and 1510, was a transitional artist. For him contradictions began to arise between the particular and the general. And so he had to create his mysterious evening figures, half larger than life, purged of specific identity, yet charged with personal emotion. Who is the woman with her lover and baby in the Tempest, we ask. The problem of her identity becomes haunting. Would we ever think, however, of asking who Bellini's Venus at her Toilet was? The Bellini was in fact painted five years after Giorgione's death. But Bellini was an old man who belonged to the past and Giorgione was young and prophetic.

Between 1500 and 1520 the purely stylistic tendencies of the early Renaissance were taken to their ultimate by Raphael and Michelangelo. But during the same period the act, the purpose, the nature of painting underwent the most profound change. From then onwards the painter's box was turned into a conjurer's one. Seeing became a question of personal evidence, and therefore there was the possibility of each being deceived. The genius alone became the seer. The artist had to believe, not in any collective, but in courage and conflict. Bourgeois art became problematic. It was inevitable. The development led to many great later works and discoveries. But it is not a bad revolutionary instinct to look back to the Quattrocento – and then forwards into the classless future.

Towards the City of Mahagonny

DAVID DREW

In 1927 Kurt Weill wrote to his publishers saying that his next plan was to write a large-scale tragic opera. He said no more about this project, and when his opera *The Rise and Fall of the City of Mahagonny* appeared three years later, neither he nor anyone else chose to recall it. Yet in a most oblique and subtle way, Weill had remained faithful to his original impulse. For various political and cultural reasons *Mahagonny* was almost universally misunderstood when it first appeared. The *avant-garde*, who had once counted Weill as a friend, screamed that it was reactionary, the reactionaries screamed that it was Bolshevist poison, the Communists screamed that it was counter-revolutionary, and the middle-of-the-road middle-of-the-class muddlers simply retched and turned away.

These violent sectarian reactions revealed how broad was the front on which Weill and his librettist Brecht advanced, but they did not reveal that the essence of the work had a delayed action. For over a quarter of a century *Mahagonny* has lain in the undergrowth of musical history, quietly ticking. But then the war and the cultural aftermath of war cleared the ground, and the work was revealed in an exposed position, with all its old menace and none of its old partisan connotations. It is ironically fitting that its first post-war production should have been in Darmstadt, during one of the summer courses of New Music; and it is significant that despite a production which by all accounts was calculated to minimise its effectiveness the work was loudly acclaimed. Someone was heard explaining in all seriousness that Weill's musical methods showed distinct affinities with serial technique . . .

An implacable enemy of the bogus, Weill would have been more gratified by the reception which a complete recording of the opera received in America and on the Continent some two years ago. Without any intervening prompting or analysis, the critical reactions proved for the most part to be immeasurably more enlightened than anything that appeared thirty years ago. And now this notable recording, made in Hamburg in 1957 under the supervision of the composer's widow Lotte Lenya, is being issued in this country by Philips on their Special List (in an album with German-English libretto and notes, L 09418-20 L). It deserves the most sober consideration.

Weill was not fond of making public pronouncements about his work, but shortly after he settled in America in 1935, he was provoked by some remarks in an interview

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about *Mahagonny* to say: 'I am not cynical in the least. Brecht and I had a moral idea as the background of that opera, namely that a society given over to materialism must perish – which is hardly cynical'. (On the other hand, Weill was never one to take himself too seriously, and he would certainly have laughed kindly at the earnest American who recently remarked that 'we *must* have a New York production of *Mahagonny* while there is still a Republican administration'.) A great deal of harm has been done by constant misguided reference to Weill's supposed cynicism, an error which follows from interpreting many musical events as parodistic, when in fact they are nothing of the kind. A typical example is the waltz scene in *Mahagonny* where a man over-eats himself to death. In a sense this is the final scene of *Don Giovanni* with different implications and without the Stone Guest – or rather, the Waltz-music itself is the Stone Guest, infernal and inescapable.

Professor Stuckenschmidt's ingeniously non-committal notes for the Philips album are in danger of perpetuating the parody legend. He points to interesting parallels but fails to draw the more interesting conclusions. The chief importance of a very brief and in some ways questionable affinity with a passage in *Der Freischütz* lies in the way it indicates that Weill's roots (and rhythms) lead to and from German popular song. (To designate the music as jazz is hopelessly misleading.) Similarly, a more striking parallel with the duet of the Men in Armour in *The Magic Flute* is less important in itself than as an indication of a common source in Protestant chorale – a source upon which Weill drew in almost every one of his works from 1920 to 1933 and even after.

The dialectical structure of the *Mahagonny* libretto is matched by the musical structure. The 'Love' tableau, with a quite ravishing madrigal duet in *terza rima* (Einstein's description) and its threatening march chorus, sets sacred love against Nietzsche's 'love whose means is war, whose very essence is the *mortal hatred* between the sexes'. The cut and thrust of these oppositions, the vitality and clarity of the musical types, the darkly incandescent glow of the masterly orchestration – all these contribute to a work which defies the traditions of tragedy and yet achieves a similar end. In the most positive way, *Mahagonny* is 'a mighty kick at despair'.

Although *Mahagonny* owes something to the late-Romantic obsession with impending catastrophe, and musically to Mahler's solution of it – Mahler was one of Weill's earliest musical heroes – the work analyses and overcomes despair in a new way, by isolating it and submitting it to a kind of functional exaggeration that is the very opposite of caricature. The Benares Song in the last act is a culmination of this process. The culmination is expressed in strictly musical terms; the comic-pathetic text would on its own be quite inadequate to convey it. Consequently the passage does not require any accentuations. Here, I feel, the performance in the Philips recording oversteps the mark, and by adding to something that is already fully present in the music, weakens rather than strengthens the effect. It is a rare failure.

It would be foolish to pretend that the opera will be to everyone's taste. There are excellent and sincere musicians who retreat from it after one act, grey with boredom and distaste. But there are others who find it is an experience of almost unbearable intensity. Some of the work's qualities and defects are almost too readily apparent. Yet it remains, most paradoxically, a difficult piece, one that repays the closest and most sustained analysis. The Philips recording, despite some purely musical crudities, is a powerful and invaluable aid to understanding, thanks in no small measure to the inspiring presence of Lotte Lenya. At last it becomes evident that *Mahagonny* is a work into which both the authors put very much more than they consciously intended. What was artistically true in 1930 looms even more large in 1960. In the programme-booklet for a recent Munich *Musica Viva* concert of Weill's works, Karl Amadeus Hartmann sensitively chose to publish without comment Emil Nolde's woodcut, *Der Prophet*. At the present stage, it is less important to decide whether Weill was a major or a minor prophet than to suggest quite simply that his work reveals a unique and personal vision. Even in this inhibited and uncertain age, we need not be too shy of confessing that *Mahagonny* is a most moving work.

Filibusters

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

Longer and longer they get: TV can't do this! *Home From the Hill* runs 2 hours 28 minutes (or did till the press show when it appeared slimmed to 2 hours 14 minutes); *Strangers When We Meet*, three minutes under the 2 hours; *It Started in Naples*, a modest 1 hour 40 minutes. The small score of the last should be balanced against the fact that with only four characters it could hardly go on for ever. This film in fact has more padding than the others, but even so manages to win.

As you might guess from the title, *It Started in Naples* (Plaza) echoes the romantic comedies of the Thirties; but it's a gaiety gone to fat. Mr Clark Gable turns up again, husking guide-book phrases as the train draws in; one appreciates afterwards, with visits to Capri, the Blue Cave, carnivals, funicular etc that some compering is necessary. There's some mystery about a deceased brother's will and a secret marriage. Vittorio de Sica is the lawyer. Sophia Loren is found angrily tossing spaghetti and dancing in a night club. There's a cynical, cigarette-smoking urchin (Marietto). All that happens is that Mr Gable has to be brought round to falling in love; no harm in seeing *that* from the beginning, but unfortunately we can guess the dragging steps on the way. There are those stretches of touristry while the script-writers seem to be thinking up a bit more. They plump for the most obvious. Still, this film has a friskiness at the heart; Loren gives and gives, and the kid amuses; it's only a pity that wish-fulfilments are too soon exhausted, and we have to play out time.

Home From the Hill (Queen's, Bayswater) is hardly the kind of film anyone would have prophesied for Vincente Minelli a few years ago: big, deep family drama of the Mississippi that starts with a certain grandeur of boar-hunting and domestic hate, but gradually dwindles into locked bedrooms, young love, sorrowing, whisky, wedding bells, christenings, with – since it's all quietly bats – a bastardy theme running through. By the end the whole thing – finishing happily in a graveyard – is so funny one would like to sit down and rewrite it all under the title of *Hurrah for Bastards!* Minelli gives Kurosawa touches to the forest hunt; George Peppard and George Hamilton struggle as the young generation getting away from the Lyceum of the old. Otherwise, the three hunting dogs die much too soon.

Strangers When We Meet (Odeon) is all about a great architect (Kirk Douglas) creating a new house for a best-selling novelist on the verge of greatness (Ernie Kovacs), with some adulteries thrown in: the sort of film in which everyone finds him, or herself, but takes a long time in which to do it.

After these time-fillers I'd like to extend a mild welcome to Jacqueline Audry's *In Six Easy Lessons* – second to Bresson's *Pickpocket* at the Paris-Pullman – a Ninetyish school for flirts that sparkles and fades out a little, but never to the extent of killing enjoyment.

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Most Likely to Succeed

JEREMY BROOKS

If we are laying bets on the futures of the 'young radical' playwrights I will put a tentative bob each way on John Arden as the boy most likely to succeed. 'Success' in this context must clearly be understood to mean the writing of a memorable and significant play, not its production in the West End. That the two don't necessarily go hand in hand was illustrated with wonderful clarity by the failure of Arden's third play, *Sergeant Musgrave's Dance*, to pass beyond the outer darkness of Sloane Square. Crowned with straw by most of the critics, it is in my view an immeasurably more exciting and pertinent play than many that have been acclaimed on all sides.

It is a great disappointment, then, to have to report that Mr Arden's new play, *The Happy Haven*, (Royal Court) can add little to his reputation. Dr Copperthwaite, Superintendent of an old people's nursing home, has perfected an Elixir of Life which he intends to try out on the helplessly regimented inmates. They are at first exhilarated by the prospect, but are easily persuaded by one of their number, himself excluded from the experiment, that rejuvenation can only ensure a repetition of the sufferings and frustrations from which old age has released them. They therefore contrive to inject Dr Copperthwaite with a massive dose of his own medicine, and he reappears as a chubby schoolboy, clutching his teddy-bear, to perch grotesquely on the ecstatic knees of a baby-starved crone.

The only *point* which this plot can conceivably hold is that the seeds of happiness are within ourselves (or not within, as far as this dotty lot of malcontents is concerned) and not in the circumstances which surround our lives – a highly debatable point at that. Additional comment, strictly parenthetical, is provided by the character and behaviour of the Superintendent. It is difficult to separate Mr Arden's intentions here from Peter Bowles's wickedly greasy interpretation, but it seems clear that this rugger-playing, blazered, mother-fixated, egocentric scion of the Lower Old-Boy Culture is a deliberately contrived smack at the under-educated technocracy, those highly-trained sixth-formers whose terrifying power over matter lacks the control of a mature mind.

This is surely a vital enough issue to engage anyone's attention, and it needs most delicate exploration if it's not to blunder dangerously among half-truths. Despite many subtle and dramatically effective passages, Mr Arden never really gets his teeth into it, and the play's confusion of directions is heightened by William Gaskill's omnipresent production gimmicks. The puppet-like movements of the inmates and the military drill of the nursing staff are perhaps marginally relevant, but the amusing set of half-masks worn by the old people were irritating because they were never *used*: it was quite unfair to expose the audience to the suspense of waiting for a spectacular rejuvenation scene, and then fob them off with the pointless boyhood of Copperthwaite. Despite a suspicion that the play is better than this production reveals, I would like to see it rewritten, from the end of the first half, with the old people young again, and Dr Copperthwaite struggling to control the explosive results of his own unthinking experiment. There would be some excuse for masks in the first half then, and an opportunity to make explicit the one valid comment which is here bogged down in acres of funny but unmemorable farce. However great its failure, though, *The Happy Haven* has done nothing to shake my conviction that John Arden has more to say, and better ways of saying it, than we have yet seen.

It has been pointed out to me that my remarks last week concerning the dangers to a youthful talent of an early success might easily be misconstrued as a punning slight upon Mr Wolf Mankowitz, who presented Miss Delaney's new play at Coventry. As I have every reason to respect Mr Mankowitz for all he has done on behalf of young writers I must make it quite clear that I was thinking only in the most general sense of the obvious pitfalls attending early fame in any of the arts; and that my Red Riding Hood image was an unthinking – and unhappy – accident.

Correspondence

CIVIL DEFENCE

Sir, – Mr Berenbaum's article about civil defence in your issue of 3 September, conveys the impression, by quoting evidence given to a United States Congressional Sub-Committee in 1959, that the latest United States official assessments are inconsistent with statements made in United Kingdom official publications.

In dealing with the protective factor of buildings against radioactive fall-out, Mr Berenbaum states as the American view that 'the degree of protection was only 1.5 to 7 fold on the ground floors of most houses' and contrasts this with the statement in the British Manual of Civil Defence, Vol. I, pamphlet 1 – Nuclear Weapons (2nd edition) – that in the ground floor refuge room of a two storey house, the dose of radiation is 25 to 40 times less than that outside. But the American figures refer to typical American wooden and brick veneer houses ('light residential structures') with no special steps taken to improve the protective factor, while the British figures refer to typical British houses of brick construction with prepared refuge rooms 'in which there is no external door and the windows have been blocked' (Nuclear Weapons, page 52). There is nothing incompatible in these figures: wood of the thickness used for buildings and 'brick veneer' gives only a low protective figure compared with brick built houses of the type general in this country and improvising a refuge room greatly improves the natural protection given by a house.

Mr Berenbaum also quotes an American estimate of the casualties from various weights of attack on America and then misreads a graph to deduce that they would be little reduced by prior civil defence preparations. In fact the correct reading of the graph which he quotes would show a casualty reduction amounting to about 50 per cent by these precautions.

American estimates can often be misleading when applied to a small country such as ours since here a much bigger proportion of the fall-out would tend to be wasted over the sea, and American estimates cannot simply be reduced in proportion to the much smaller area of this country. There have, of course, been many United States studies of the effects of nuclear weapons and the estimates quoted in Mr Berenbaum's article represent only one of these. The Congressional Sub-Committee itself in its 'summary analysis' of the hearings, published in Washington in August, 1959, emphasises (p. 1) 'simply to understand that "unprecedented destruction" is not the same as "unlimited destruction" . . . is crucial to intelligent discussion of the issues', and this analysis of the evidence leaves no doubt of the value attached to civil defence preparations in the light of the facts presented to the Sub-Committee.

No one in civil defence has ever suggested that all those who would be in need of rescue or care of one kind or another after a nuclear attack could in fact be rescued or cared for, but only that if the right preparations are made many who would otherwise die would be saved. The effects of nuclear weapons are frightening enough without exaggeration, but there is nothing in the Congressional hearings quoted by Mr Berenbaum that makes it necessary to revise the official figures given in the British Manual of Civil Defence or the view that on any reasonable assumptions there would be millions of survivors from a nuclear attack on this country.

Mr Barclay in the letter published in your issue of 17 September refers to the problems of survival after attack. It would be quite wrong for your readers to assume that these have not been taken into account in civil defence planning. As long ago as 1955, the Defence White Paper issued after the emergence of the thermo-nuclear bomb, after describing the immediate effects of a thermo-nuclear attack, went on to say (paragraph 5)

> Large tracts would be devastated and many more rendered uninhabitable. Essential services and communication would suffer wide-spread interruption. In the target areas, central and local government would be put out of action partially or wholly. Industrial production, even where the plant and buildings remained, would be gravely affected by the disruption of power and water supplies and by the interruption of the normal complex inter-flow of materials and components. There would be serious problems of control, feeding and shelter. Public morale would be most severely tested. It would be a struggle for survival of the grimmest kind.

It is against this background that civil defence planning has been proceeding. These indirect effects are even more difficult to quantify than the immediate effects of an attack, but it is because of the need to take into account the crucial period of the months after attack that civil defence plans are not limited to the organisation of the civil defence services – important though they are. Expenditure on the civil defence services forms only part of the defence expenditure by civil departments listed in Annex III to the Defence White Paper and all civil departments take part in civil defence planning.

The prevention of starvation and disease would indeed represent serious problems, but in both these matters strict organisation would minimise the risks and give a very good chance for the bulk of the survivors in the crucial period of the first few months after attack.

S. C. Kirkham
Director-General of Civil Defence
Home Office

Sir, – The condemnation is not, as Mr Wilhelmy assumes, of Civil Defence as an honest attempt to save a few lives or reduce by an inch the terrible tide of suffering, but of its shameless use to delude the public. If this intent to encourage illusions of survival is obvious enough in the regular Civil Defence organisation, with its bracing posters and gross underestimates of the probable extent of the holocaust, it reaches a pitch that would be ludicrous if it were not so immoral in the courses arranged on behalf of the Home Office by the WVS.

These One-in-Five lectures in Civil Defence are designed, so it is claimed in the Handbook, to secure that a fifth of British women should 'know what to do in any emergency' and to strengthen 'the women of the nation to whom in time of trouble the family turn'. After talks with WVS officers and a careful study both of official literature and of reports from participators, the Women's Group of the CND became convinced that the lectures are primarily intended to lull women back to sleep. They are tranquillisers. How innocent is the doping of racehorses in comparison with this.

While avoiding positive errors of fact (although in practice unqualified speakers inevitably make such mistakes), the One-in-Five courses create a totally false impression. This they do by various means. One is by the use of false analogies. Thus the flash of the explosion is likened to sunshine, the blast to a strong wind, radiation to medical X-rays. We have a record from one lecture of radiation sickness being said to be 'like a nasty tummy ache'. A second means is to mislead by omission. The worst example is the omission of all figures which would bring home the scale of the disaster. Women, the speakers are told, have 'no head for figures'. Another, almost equally grave, concerns long-term radioactivity. The handbook cheerfully states that radioactivity 'decays quite rapidly', nothing is said of the long-lasting radioactive elements which might make even fringe areas uninhabitable for several years. There are other omissions only a little less shocking – notably the failure to mention the radioactive elements which would penetrate with the ventilation of the 'shelter room'. The final deception lies in the assumption that only one bomb will have been delivered.

Activity, too, should discourage despondency. Women are told to paint their windows with whitewash and curdled milk against blast; to soak their curtains in starch and borax against fire (and to 'run and draw them' if they *see* a flash); they are taught (with diagram) how to make a stove in a flower pot.

These humiliating trivialities bring out, I think, the second great objection to the kind of Civil Defence now being sold to us. That gradually and insidiously it leads to the acceptance of the coming of nuclear war. Dress it up in lace curtains, as it were, and the figure of death can slip across the threshold of the mind.

Mr Wilhelmy should realise that it is for these reasons that we assail Civil Defence in its present form. We respect those who sacrifice their spare time on the chance of their survival and their ability to succour their neighbours. We should welcome a Civil Defence which set out

Apartheid in South African Universities

Sir Eric Ashby, Master of Clare, writes in the September issue of UNIVERSITIES QUARTERLY.

In the same issue John Holloway writes on The Use of English, Robert E. Lowe on an American Experiment in Redefining Liberal Studies, F. Musgrove on The Decline of the Educative Family, and Prof. William Walsh on Henry James. Frank MacShane sends a letter from Berkeley, California and other contributors include Frank Greenaway, Thomas Hodgkin, Arnold Kettle and Prof. W. A. Robson.

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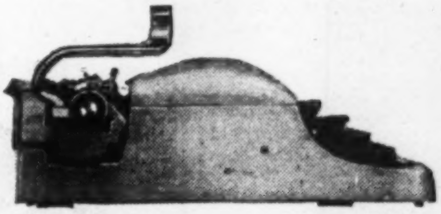

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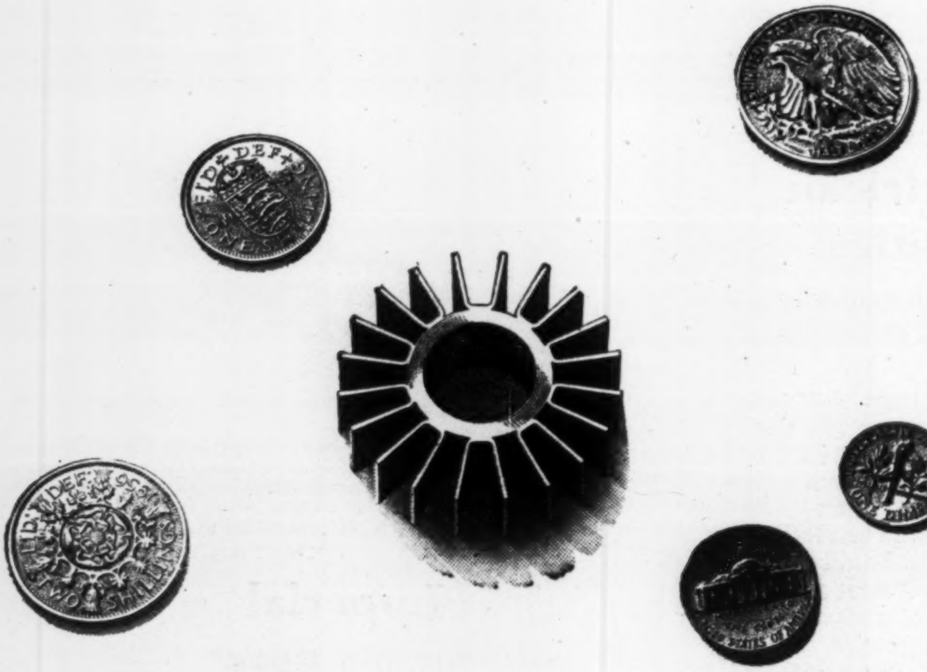

For many years much of the equipment needed by the oil industry was available only from the United States and cost dollars. What was to be done? The simple answer – to produce it here – was, in practice, a tremendously complicated answer. But not too complicated for Birwelco Ltd.

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the full facts of the prospect before us: it would help our campaign immeasurably. But let him live and let live (while he may), and not indulge in schoolboy sneers about those who 'block the road to Aldermaston'. If he dreams of rescuing a few survivors, the purpose of those of us who march at Easter is to try to save the whole nation – and other nations. As a part of our effort we have to expose the fraudulent side of Britain's Civil Defence.

JACQUETTA HAWKES

Kissing Tree House
Alveston
Stratford-on-Avon

SIR, – My own experience on a Civil Defence Committee leads me to conclude CD is a waste of time and money.

Newcastle-under-Lyme, a town of 74,000, has a Corps of only 12 per cent of the officially estimated required strength. Even this meagre membership is maintained on a 'beer-and-skittles' basis. More is spent on recreational facilities than on equipment, which at present consists of 1 ambulance, 8 first aid packs and 9 blankets.

As a Fire Brigades Union pamphlet recently said, emergency services do not possess the necessary equipment to cope adequately with a relatively small, peace-time accident involving radio-active substances, let alone the more serious and extensive radiation of nuclear war. If Newcastle's rescue team – all seven of them – were heroically able to rescue thousands of people, it is highly doubtful whether it would do any good. The medical services just could not deal with them. Last week the Staffordshire General Infirmary suspended all emergency operations because of lack of trained anaesthetists. Now, if they can't attend to the odd one or two injured in road accidents, how can they hope to attend to the 110,000 casualties which it is officially calculated one H-bomb would cause?

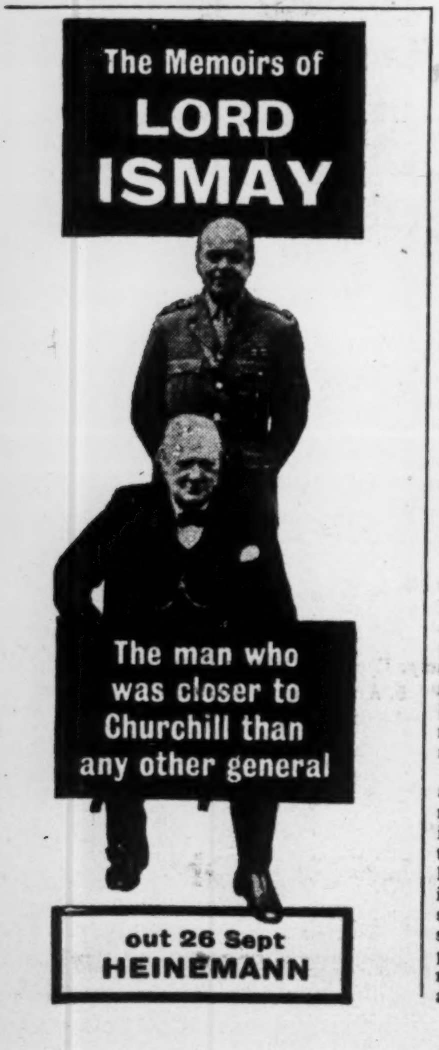
Casualty services throughout the country are below standard, according to a report just issued by the Nuffield Hospital Trust. Besides that, in many areas hospitals have long waiting-lists, often of totally incapacitated people, awaiting operations. Increased human suffering, loss of earnings, and an aggravation of the complaint frequently result from this delay. Surely the money wasted on Civil Defence could be better used to bring Britain's overworked, understaffed hospitals up to modern requirements?

If the government were seriously interested in protecting the British people, then its first objective would be an up-to-date hospital service, able to cope satisfactorily with at least peace-time needs. As it is, CD plans have to be secretly compiled so as not to cause public alarm and despondency. Realising nuclear war would result in colossal casualties for a very limited medical service, the government is anxious to save as many doctors and nurses as possible. Therefore, Regional Hospital Boards have been instructed to formulate plans so that, in an emergency, the medical staff of hospitals considered to be in danger areas scurry off to supposedly safe places. *Meanwhile, hospital patients are left unattended and written off.*

The public are entitled to know the facts such as these. They are entitled to know that the government, by having H-bombers and missile bases, puts Britain in the front-line in any Third World War, while at the same time affording no protection whatsoever to the civilian population. Civil Defence acts merely as a tranquilliser, a sedative that takes the public mind away from the very real danger of the government's policy inevitably involves. In reality, Civil Defence would be as incapable as the Girl Guides of dealing with any nuclear emergency.

RAYMOND CHALLINOR
Councillor

155 High Street
Newcastle-under-Lyme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WHERE SALMON EAT MEN

SIR, – I was very pleased to read your correspondent's report on the Highlands. As an angler who has spent many holidays camping along the north coast I have been puzzled for some years by the crofters of the Highlands. To talk to them and hear their views makes one wonder how an establishment figure comes to represent them in London.

I well remember the unhappy face of a police constable in 1958 after he had been forced by his inspector to charge me with illegal possesion of salmon – the first time in fifteen years in which he had to uphold that particular law with which he disagreed so much. I remember after the ritual of the charge the hour-long dissertation on the evils of the English system. Many of the crofters are paying rent to absentee English landlords for cottages built by the crofter's ancestors on land held in common right by the clans before 1745. After over two hundred years they still regard the land and buildings as their own.

The Scottish Fisheries Protection Act of 1957 which was pushed through parliament in an effort to stop large-scale salmon poaching by disgusting methods is now being used against private individuals fishing the fly. Many was the noble lord and bishop who in 1957 stood up and admitted to occasional misunderstandings over boundaries of salmon beats, and saw in this Act nothing to worry the 'honourable' poacher with rod and line.

I have been told that the large estate owners are forming a pressure group to alter the law as it now stands about deer poaching (not one of my interests). On the surface the new Act will prevent the hoodlums with lorries from the industrial lowlands taking back mangled corpses to be sold in the shadier hotels, and as such will get the support of every MP who goes back to his constituency to scratch Tibbles between the ears. My policeman informant tells me that the aim of the new bill will be to make the policeman, as well as the gamekeeper, responsible for the apprehension of deer poachers and will give the estates many thousands more gamekeepers without any further expense by the owners.

Your Highland corespondent's disgust at wealthy industrialist landlords taking shillings from crofters is quite justified. In the river valley I know well the crofters are prevented from taking in tourists by a clause in their rental agreement. A crofter who allowed someone to camp on the land in front of his cottage was approached by the Lord (temporal) who pointed out: 'That camper is parking his car on the roadside. The road crosses my land. You are to charge him one shilling per night for parking and you are to hand the money to my factor.' The crofter was allowing the campers to stay free of charge, but was now forced to approach them for money or pay out of his own pocket.

The Scottish Highlands have a beauty which cannot be surpassed by any country I have yet visited. It is a pity that in an area where God has been so generous man should be so mean.

E. MEMMOTT

60a Rockingham Way
Monks Wood
Stevenage, Herts

COMMONWEALTH LITERATURE

SIR, – As a West Indian lecturing in West Africa I hope I may be allowed a brief comment on your recent survey of Commonwealth literature. Such a review is both necessary and welcome, but I cannot help feeling that your reviewer on West Indian literature tended to be a bit too hasty in his generalisations (e.g. linking Cy Grant and Jan Carew), and your reviewer on West African literature was too concerned with showing that West Africans had written, not that some had written well.

It is ridiculous to lump together writers of such obvious differences as Mittelholzer and Lamming merely because they happen to be born in a particular political entity. Nor can we possibly talk about Negritude (whatever that might mean) in relation to Nkrumah (a politician) and Tutuola (a writer of outstanding merit).

I think what should have been attempted was to show the differences between these writers, and between writers of West Indian and West African origin. One important difference is that unlike the West Indian writers in England, the West African writers are encouraged to write on their own home front. The West Indian writers must publish in England, but in Nigeria, for instance, there is an excellent publishing company. This has an important effect on their writing, and one finds that the West Indian writers are to a large extent concerned with debunking traditions to which they can no longer subscribe, since they are now on-lookers. The West African writers, on the other hand, are concerned with justifying and advertising their traditions by translating them into terms that would be acceptable in present day West Africa and Europe.

Lastly it must be said that no true assessment can really be made at the present time. The final judgment must be made by the critics of the next generation who must judge them not within a narrow context of Commonwealth writing, but in relation to the whole field of English literature.

O. R. DATHORNE

Nigerian College of Arts, Science and Technology
Zaria
Northern Nigeria

THIS RENT QUESTION

SIR, – I have read with interest the article by Irene Barclay on the present rent situation.

As a professional man I think I can take a fairly objective view and it seems to me that the main point has been overlooked and that is, if tenants need financial help, why should the landlord be called upon to suffer any loss instead of the general body of tax payers contributing what is necessary?

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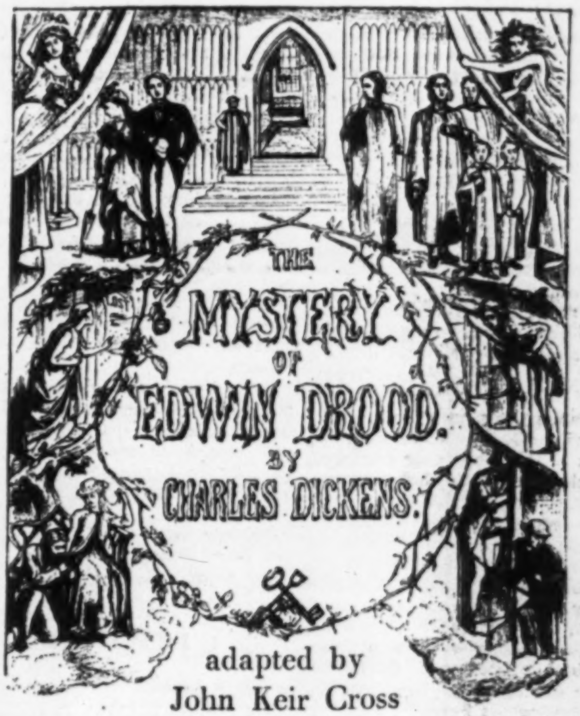
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I know a lady who is nearly 60 years old and has to work very hard for a modest living, and who has no assets whatsoever other than a small house in the country which is controlled and let to a tenant at a rent which is barely sufficient to cover the mortgage interest. If the lady in question very many years ago had invested her money in stocks and shares or commercial properties she would be getting a fair return on her capital today and her assets would have increased in value in proportion to other commodities. Why should she suffer a hardship of this nature for the benefit of tax payers generally, many of whom are no doubt very much better of than she is?

G. H. R. Barton

6 Lansdowne Road
W11

UN AND BIRTH CONTROL

Sir, – Critic rightly in your issue last week underlined the difficulties of spreading the knowledge and means of birth control through UN agencies or other official channels. It is this fact which makes so essential the voluntary work of the International Planned Parenthood Federation, which now has affiliated organisations in 28 countries, including several where the situation is critical, such as India, Pakistan, Japan, Singapore and Hongkong. The Federation is trying to raise £250,000 in this country for family planning work overseas. Any contributions from your readers who might feel anxious to help will be welcomed by the Appeal Secretary at 69 Eccleston Square, SW1. Donors may earmark their gift for specific territories if they wish.

Lena K. Jeger

Sir, – I think that Critic rather misses the point in his comments on the Catholic attitude towards the WHO attempted investigation into contraception. He says that Catholics '... are just as humane and intelligent as other people'. True: so is a sincere Communist – (I except Russian imperialists from this group, just as Western imperialists should strictly be excluded from any group labelled 'sincere Christians'). Both creeds are concerned with the betterment of mankind, and the adherents of both beliefs are convinced that heretics should subscribe to their doctrines unquestioningly.

Insofar as both demand obedience of belief to a wholly man-made dogma created in answer to conditions that are now utterly changed, both are bad and their results equally so.

The battle raging at the present is not one of Right versus Left, Paganism versus Christianity or Communism versus Catholicism but of those who deny the absolute freedom of the human mind versus those who claim this basic right. In such a struggle, Moscow and Rome are bound to be allies.

Ian G. Hampson

30 Greycoat Gardens,
SW1

SIGNS OF THE TIMES

Sir, – It is evident from J. W. P. Mallalieu's article 'Signs of the Times', in your issue of 20 August, that official signs in England are becoming as chatty as they are here. However, amid the welter of advice to 'Keep Your City Clean', and (more peremptory) 'Penalty for Dumping Trash $50', I think the most eloquent anti-litter sign is the one word 'Please' printed on 'trash cans' at picnic spots in the New England country areas.

On a trip to Wyoming this summer we were subjected to a positive barrage of roadside signs – a good deal of advertising, some boosting the small towns through which our route led, and a considerable number of religious exhortations. Somewhere in Minnesota we ran across the laconic 'Olivia Hotel – Wife Free', and on our homeward journey we kept seeing three cryptic words, 'Steckney Genetic Giant', which we finally interpreted as an advertisement for a hybrid corn, since we were then in Iowa, the heart of the corn belt.

In the hinterland, where towns are small and widely scattered and the urban, sophisticated East seems infinitely remote, the citizens are keen boosters. Mechanicsville, Iowa, proclaims itself 'The Pork Center of the World', while State Center more modestly is 'The Rose Capital of Iowa.' But Upton, Wyoming, which could be the set for a Western (wide main street, wooden sidewalks, and low store-fronts) is 'The Best Town on Earth.' Minden, Nebraska, is content to be 'Minden, The Christian City.' I liked the place in Wyoming, whose name I forget, which called itself 'The Little Town with 304 Friendly People.'

Judging from the number of roadside exhortations, religion is a strong influence in the middle West. 'Pray and Prepare for Life or Death,' said one impartial notice, and another asked 'Where Will You Spend Eternity?' As we entered a small plains town we saw 'Church Information at Every Gas Station'; the advisability of temperance was urged: 'No Drunkard Shall Inherit Heaven.'

As to official (State) signs, the States were very polite to us and invariably thanked us for our co-operation after a stretch of road construction, and pointed out where we might stop to take photographs (Camera Stop), or just to enjoy the view (Scenic Turnout).

Ursula Price

367 Elm Street
New Haven
Conn.

FILM CENSORSHIP

Sir, – Lorenza Mazetti claims that I didn't write a script with her, that she had 'only been talking to Keith Johnstone and Lindsay Anderson before Denis Horne agreed to collaborate with me'. In fact I worked for four months with Lorenza and produced a 2,000-word detailed outline of the action. The film was to be produced by Lindsay Anderson, and as he said, and as Lorenza agreed, 'We could shoot it tomorrow'. Unfortunately, for reasons not connected with the quality of the script, Lorenza decided that she would prefer to make the film with Mr Horne. I am sorry Lorenza did not make another film in England but it isn't just the censor we should blame. You see the industry backs the censor because he is a useful check on the quality of their goods; they want to titivate, they want to exploit the guilt of their audience, but they don't want to help us, they don't want to tell us the *truth*. It is because William Whitebait respects truth that he attacked the censor; your other correspondents were able to tear strips off Whitebait because they never think of cinema in that way. It is as difficult for Lorenza to make films in this country as it would have been for Jean Viga – and Lorenza hasn't an industrialist to back her like Vigo had. An artist's concern is with truth. The film industry's concern (with certain bizarre exceptions) is with comfortable but crippling lies.

Keith Johnstone

Royal Court Theatre
Sloane Square
London, SW1

G. D. H. COLE

Sir, – I am sorry to trouble you again on a question of accuracy with regard to G. D. H. Cole. Maurice Reckitt, in a letter in the current issue, says he never went out of his own country. This is not true. Apart from pleasure visits made to Sweden, Spain, Rome, Belgium, France, etc., he (1) conducted a conference at Geneva in the Thirties; (2) ran a UNESCO School on working-class education in France for two years running in the Fifties; (3) in the same decade lectured at a school in Oslo; (4) in the last year of his life was the first holder of the Philip Murray chair at Roosevelt University in Chicago, was there two months and lectured also in Illinois, New York and Canada. In addition, he had agreed to lecture in Zagreb in 1953, and to be the English member of the Commission on Indian Universities in 1948; but in both cases was prevented by illness from fulfilling the engagements.

As the New Statesman will be quoted as authority for the doings of its Chairman, I would be grateful if you would insert this correction.

Margaret Cole

STANLEY SPENCER

Sir, - The trustees of the late Sir Stanley Spencer, RA, have asked me to undertake the writing of his biography. Would any persons who possess letters from him be good enough to communicate with me?

Maurice Collis

Bradford Lodge
Ray Park Road
Maidenhead

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SOUTH AFRICA

DESPERATE NEED FOR FURTHER HELP

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> *"The fact that as a Bishop of the Church I have been banished from my diocese focuses attention afresh on all the victims of the policy of apartheid. These include the accused on trial for high treason for the last four years, the dependants of those killed and injured at Sharpeville, the families of those detained in prison during the State of Emergency and those banished from their homes.*
>
> *These and many others who are suffering need your help. One of the most practical ways in which this can be given is by contributing to the Defence and Aid Fund sponsored by Christian Action."*

THE EMERGENCY IS ENDED : THE SUFFERING GOES ON

Many thousands of people in Britain are appalled by events in South Africa. The recent deportation of the Bishop of Johannesburg pinpoints the nature and depth of the wickedness of the racialist policies of the Nationalist Government in the Union. His only crime has been his persistent determination to put into practice his Christian faith.

The cruel policy of Apartheid creates intolerable tensions within South Africa. The suppression by force of legitimate attempts to resist the injustices and indignities which result from this policy provokes frustration and acute suffering, and hinders the efforts of the leaders of African opinion who strive to achieve their aims by non-violent means.

The State of Emergency is ended. But many of the detainees have lost their jobs as well as their belongings; and the plight of the families and dependants is desperate. Mr. Alan Paton, the Archbishop of Cape Town and other leading figures in the struggle for decency in South Africa join with the Bishop of Johannesburg in asking us in Britain for more money, not only for those who suffer as a result of the Emergency, but also all other victims of the policy of Apartheid.

The national Defence and Aid Fund is now appealing for another £200,000 in order to enable us to respond adequately to this request. The need is great and urgent.

On behalf of the sponsors of the national Defence and Aid Fund we—the members of the Advisory Committee of Sponsors—beg you with all our hearts to respond to this appeal.

JAMES CALLAGHAN L. JOHN COLLINS MICHAEL FOOT JO GRIMOND KENNETH GRUBB
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BOOKS IN GENERAL

The Professional Critic

A. ALVAREZ

There are two kinds of critic: the professional and the amateur. Of course, I am using both words in their literal, not their derogatory senses. The amateurs are those who love literature for its own sake. The printed word and the effort of writing inspire in them a devotion which is very close to awe. For them criticism is a matter of selection and arrangement, like floral decoration or stage lighting, to show off the work to its best advantage. They will find something good to be said for every work, no matter how trivial. Now these amateurs may seem professional; they may be sunk in writing up to their ears – as dons with the most rigorous standards of scholarship or as literary journalists haunted by the weekly need to be lively on the subject of dead books – but by their judgment shall ye know them; or by their lack of it.

The professionals, on the other hand, are those who are vowed to the job by a kind of act of faith. They make their living out of literature in the true sense, which is not a question of cash but of moral habit. In short, they use literature to build up for themselves a world of values. Inevitably, they don't like much, for in all viable moralities the elect are, of necessity, few. So their work is devoted to keeping up the standards, always with an intellectual passion, sometimes with a certain savagery. Like old-fashioned doctors, they believe that blood must at times be let to preserve the health of the system. In England, the foremost professional critic is F. R. Leavis; in America, he is Yvor Winters.

In Defense of Reason has taken a long time to reach us. It is made up of three independent but related books: *Primitivism and Decadence*, an analysis of modern American poetry, was first published in 1937; *Maule's Curse*, on the classical American novel and its intellectual tradition, appeared in 1938; *The Anatomy of Nonsense*, on American critical theory, came out in 1943; the complete collection, with an additional essay on Hart Crane, was published in the States in 1947. It is a pity that the book has been so long on the way, for original ideas spread their light before them; a number of Winters's suggestions have become fashions and he has not been given credit for them. He was, for instance, the first man to debunk Eliot's claims to classicism by showing how his theories descend straight from the late Romantics; he attacked the vagaries of neo-Symbolism and the craze for Laforguian irony (which he blandly equated with 'careless writing'); he praised Melville, James and, with reservations, Stevens, Crane and Hawthorne, long before any of them had become cult-figures. All this he had writ large in the Thirties and early Forties. We are just catching up on him.

But Winters would wish to base his ultimate reputation less on his originality or on the profundity of his insights than on his ability to produce a system that works. He has a rage for order and is fierce in proportion to an author's lack of it. He calls himself an absolutist, which means he demands nothing less than everything:

> It will be seen that what I desire of a poem is a clear understanding of motive, and a just evaluation of feeling; the justice of the evaluation persisting even into the sound of the least important syllable. Such a poem is a perfect and complete act of the spirit; it calls upon the full life of the spirit; it is difficult of attainment, but I am aware of no good reason to be contented with less.

Stated briefly, with such massive and ironic Johnsonian certainty, there is no arguing with Winters. But principles, particularly when they concern the enormous complexity of artistic and moral judgment, are better left brief or implicit than explained. The critic creates his audience and his context more by his intellectual tone than by spelling things out. Leavis, when challenged to define one of his terms, would, I imagine, prefer to point to a work of art than to launch into abstractions. Winters, on the other hand, is determined to have everything down in black and white. The results are often less flexible and profound than his practice:

> The artistic process is one of moral evaluation of human experience, by means of a technique which renders possible an evaluation more precise than any other. *The poet tries to understand his experience in rational terms, to state his understanding, and simultaneously to state, by means of the feelings which we attach to words, the kind and degree of emotion that should properly be motivated by this understanding* . . . The 'intensity' of the work of art, which is different from the intensity of crude experience, lies in this: that what we call intensity in a work of art is a combination of the importance of the original subject and the precision of the judgment; whereas that which we call intensity in life is most often *the confused and therefore frightening emotion* resulting from a situation which we have not yet had time to meet and understand . . . (My italics).

The business of the poet is to know himself: by his art he makes clearings of sanity in the encroaching jungle of experience; and because of his skill, these clearings are more lucid, more precise, more generally meaningful than those of other people. His method, roughly speaking, is that of 'emotion recollected in tranquillity'.

So far so good – or almost so good. The flaw is in the first sentence I italicised. Winters makes it sound as though the *rational* understanding always came before the poem rather than during the process of writing, or even after it; as though each poem were accreted round a separate pearl of wisdom. He also implies that there are rules for the degree of emotion proper to each subject. It sounds more like a Renaissance than a modern theory. What he is describing, I suggest, is less the act of poetry than the act of criticism.

It is easy to see why. Like Winters, I too dislike obscurantism and the cant of blind inspiration. I am all for poets knowing what they mean. But knowing is not a clear-cut business. As Eliot once remarked, 'The only method is to be very intelligent.' And in the twentieth century, to be intelligent does not mean simply to be rational. It means the ability to make one's reason supple and subtle enough to include the irrational without being overwhelmed by it. The physicists have long worked with this element of irrationality, which they call entropy, the measure of chance or probability. In other terms, the whole of Freud's work was devoted to showing how irrational desires and fears run deep and compulsively below the most rational motives. The irrational, in short, is a vital element in modern reason.

When Winters, however, calls his book *In Defense of Reason* he really means it. He is not only Johnsonian in style; like the Doctor, he believes absolutely in the power of rational common sense. Because he is a peculiarly fine critic, his logic is always instinct with feeling, but he seeks to reduce everything to its terms. It doesn't always work. Eliot's importance, for example, has nothing to do with his Symbolist tricks and obscurity; instead, it is in the way he worked out for our time a language in which great formal intelligence combines with great psychological depth, in which the rational and irrational meet and illuminate each other. But Winters will have none of him. He opts instead for the totally rational. And that means Robert Bridges, Adelaide Crapsey and Elizabeth Daryush, 'the finest British poet since T. Sturge Moore' – 'that sheep', Yeats called him, 'in sheep's clothing'.

It is perhaps the least distinguished great tradition any important critic has produced. Yet, although Winters has deliberately set his face against American modernism, his choice is not dictated by mere perversity. Like Zeno with his arrow, he is in a logical quandary: Winters admires above all sureness and clarity of moral choice; therefore he is against the experimental because it attempts to cope more or less directly with 'the confused and therefore frightening emotion' of unregulated experience; therefore he makes a virtue out of the traditional which 'endeavours to utilize the greatest possible amount of the knowledge and wisdom, both technical and moral . . . to be found in precedent poetry. It assumes the ideal existence of a normal quality of feeling'; therefore he chooses Bridges & Co. The flying arrow does not move. The great poets are the consolidators, not the transformers of art. For all his originality, Winters is, by force of logic, profoundly reactionary.

Yet this taste for clear logic and moral certainty is also the strength of his criticism. His method is to combine literary insight with the history of ideas. Lucidly, stringently, he builds up the world of ideas and beliefs in which his authors wrote. He then goes through their works showing how the ideas were transformed and coloured by the writers' sensibilities. It is a kind of paraphrase done from the inside, so that at the moment of defining what a work of art says, Winters is defining how it feels:

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* *In Defense of Reason*. By YVOR WINTERS. *Routledge*. 42s.

> [*The Awkward Age*] is a tragedy of manners, in which no genuine moral issue is involved, but in which vague depths of moral ugliness, especially in Vanderbank, are elusively but unforgettably suggested. Vanderbank is a creature through whose tranquil and pellucid character there arises at the slightest disturbance of his surface a fine cloud of silt, of ugly feeling far too subtle to be called suspicion, but darkening his entire nature and determining his action.

It takes a major critic to combine that degree of aesthetic understanding with so firm and pervasive a judgment.

So in the end, his tight, restrictive moral system seems not only justified but necessary. He is a man of acute moral instincts with no strong moral system to which he can instinctively adhere. Although he deeply understands the New England tradition, he is not part of it. He belongs, apparently, to no organised church. So he is left with his belief in literature, his logic and his considerable ability as a writer (he is also a distinguished poet). From these he has erected by Johnsonian reasonableness a moral and literary tradition of his own. One may not agree with it, but it is impossible not to admire his skill, his courage and the superb criticism it has enabled him to write.

Midstream

Alone in a cold autumn I stood
Where Hsiang-Chiang flows north
Past the point of Orange-Grove Isle.
The ten thousand hills were crimson,
In crimson tiers the forest.
Up the great hyaline river
Struggled a hundred vessels.
Eagles in the vast air poised to strike;
Fish in the shallows hovered.
Each living form under the frosty heaven
Fought with another for freedom.
I stared from a desolate tower
And asked the immense earth –
Who decrees the rise, the fall?

With a hundred friends now, returning
I range back over the rainbow days,
The crowded risky years.
O schoolmates, in youth blossoming and tall
  with talents,
We must now in the arrogance of our know-
  ledge
Uproot our scented careers.
Fingering mountains only, and rivers,
To hold poetry alive in our minds,
We will use for manure
Those bygone dreams of ten-thousand-house-
  hold fiefdoms.
Don't you remember, once it has reached
  midstream
Your craft shoots past
As the rapids take flight?

MAO TSE-TUNG

Wullen 1920: *adapted by Earle Birney from the literal translation of Ping-ti Ho.*

Mr. Waugh's Africa

A Tourist in Africa. BY EVELYN WAUGH. *Chapman & Hall.* 16*s.*

This is Waugh, once again, of the Middle-Late Mood: more in sorrow, for the most part, than in wit. Meeting this Stout Party from the Western Shires is even a slightly embarrassing experience in Africa – a little, say, like having to share a third-class sleeper with a member of the Upper Classes. He cannot really bear the company; his political opinions (uttered, of course, after a forthright declaration of ignorance of all politics) are often silly and nearly always out of touch with reality; needlessly many of the facts he gives you are wrong. Yet Mr Waugh has cast himself cunningly, delightfully, in tolerant and expansive mien: the old boy behaves splendidly. Through it all he smiles with patient puzzled fortitude, meets the most curious people with a proper respect for social propriety, and generally carries off the venture with a modesty and charm that will please admirers and shame any would-be critic into silence.

The journey was by train to Genoa and then by boat to East Africa. Personally, I would have settled for Mr Waugh's staying in Genoa. It was time that Genoa should receive its long-denied meed of praise. Some of the best passages in the book are occasioned by this splendid but – in England – almost unknown city: more glorious than Florence, more adventurous than Venice, more bountiful than Rome. Here we get the very best of Waugh:

> After luncheon on the second day I covered my suitcase with the gummy labels of the steamship line and lay down to read. After half an hour I was disturbed by a series of strange noises, cracklings and rustlings. Every one of the labels, whether attached to leather or canvas, was detaching itself and rolling up into a little cylinder. Rum.

Afterwards, about three weeks in Tanganyika and two in the Rhodesias. That is really the sum of Squire Waugh's travels on this occasion. Not much: not often memorable: not seldom foolish; and yet enough for a book that will be read and liked, I should think, by people of the most various kinds. Above all, a book that is meant to be enjoyed – from the superbly civilised use of the semicolon to the gentle whip of ironical understatement that is wielded now and then.

It is – we know it well by now – a rather odd world that Mr Waugh lives and travels in. That is part of the great Victorian play (or do I mean ploy?) that he has built around himself. Before leaving he has to be inoculated against Yellow Fever, but he knows so little about 'the new medical organisation' that instead of getting his inoculation for nothing at the Hospital for Tropical Diseases he goes to the trouble of searching out a nurse in London who 'was giving, it seemed, some thirty shots an hour at a guinea a time', and buys one from her. The same antiquated attitude continues through Mr Waugh's inquiries into the historical sites of Africa. It would be ungraciously pedantic to drop on all of his historical mistakes; but perhaps he might have read a modern book or two on the subject? As it is, the dear old Zimba, 'a ferocious cannibal tribe', turn up in full array; and the medieval civilisation of the East Coast is duly written off as Persian or Arab – just as though archaeologists like Mathew (not Matthew) had never worked or written there.

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MICHAEL JOSEPH

All that is perhaps to be expected. But it is a little much to present the origins of Zimbabwe as 'a mystery' when every responsible investigator for the last 55 years has found them medieval and Bantu. Moreover it is surprising that someone as widely travelled as Mr Waugh should not have seen or heard of the Kushite ruins of Meroe or the pre-Amharic ruins of Axum, and should thus allow himself to call the Zimbabwe ruins 'the most remarkable in Africa south of the Sahara'. Still, one must be grateful to Mr Waugh for recognising African history and visiting, for example, the remote island of Kilwa. At this stage of the argument, almost anything about African history is better than nothing.

Conclusions? Mr Waugh is on the side of the angels. Indeed, his awareness of religion gives him some of his best insights into an Africa that is still firmly linked, in this way as in others, with the past. For the new settlers of Rhodesia and the old settlers of South Africa he has some charitably tough things to record. 'Racialism is dotty, and rather modern . . . ' And he sticks to his chosen character no matter the company. Placed at a Salisbury dinner next to 'a local cultivated bigwig', he is lectured on the 'great progress and potentialities' of Southern Rhodesia.

> I said: 'I think you are a bachelor. I should not care to bring up children here.'
>
> 'Why not?' rather sharply scenting politics.
>
> 'The Accent'.

BASIL DAVIDSON

Poor Old Muse

History the Betrayer. A Study of Bias. By E. H. DANCE. *Hutchinson.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

All history is a process of selection. There is selection by the original authorities; the decision of a chronicler which events to record, and which not; the decision of a public official which transactions to note down. There is a selection of time: the casual destruction of many records, and the preservation of others. There is selection by the writer of history: first choosing his subject and then using only the evidence which seems to him significant. After this there is a further selection by those who write textbooks; and finally a selection by the recipients, schoolchildren or readers, who decide which bits of history to remember and which to forget. At the end of this process is '1066 and All That' – a random set of facts and notions, some significant, some merely odd.

This outcome worries Mr Dance. He has looked at the textbooks of history used in the schools of different countries; and he finds them all terrifyingly inadequate. All the writers put their own country in the foreground and treat it as the centre of the world; nearly all of them suggest that their country won all its battles. British textbooks emphasise Blenheim and Waterloo; the French give more space to Denain and Austerlitz; German textbooks give the credit of Waterloo to Blücher. European textbooks say nothing about the history of China or India, except when these countries are invaded by Europeans; they treat the Arabs (from whom Europe learnt algebra, medicine, and astronomy) and the Turks as barbarians. British and French children are taught that the two world wars of the twentieth century were caused by German aggression; German children that they were caused by the encirclement of Germany.

Mr Dance wants this situation changed. He would like to see history so taught that it helps men to understand each other instead of strengthening their self-satisfaction. His ideal would be a set of textbooks which could be used, without change, in every country and by every class throughout the world. The changes which he advocates are of two sorts. In the first place, there should be an agreed version of events. Both Wellington and Blücher should be given credit for Waterloo; joint committees of historians should determine what were the real causes of the world wars. Secondly, the history taught should be wider: less about our own country, and more about others. Out with Henry VIII and his six wives; in with the interminable dynasties of China. Christianity would take its place among the great religions of the world along with Confucianism, Buddhism, Communism, and the creed of the Muslims (not, as Mr Dance insists, that irreverent misnomer, Mahomedanism). Schoolchildren of the future are in for a rich diet.

I have my doubts about these lofty aspirations. It would be an exaggeration to say that, since all history is selection, it does not matter what we select; but this is less of an exaggeration than to imply that some selection will be infinitely better than others. We can select by making history wider and wider; we could select, with equal profit, by making it narrower. For instance, it would be valuable from every point of view – except perhaps that of examinations – if all schoolchildren spent a year, studying exclusively the history of their own town or region. They would surely have the sense to realise that there were other towns besides their own; yet they would get a deeper and more immediate sense of the past than if they went rambling over the centuries from Akhnaton to Akbar. The educational value of history lies less in the facts which are pushed into young minds than in the historical process by which these facts are arrived at. History is the great propagator of Doubt. It is sceptical of the authorities; of historians; of our own views, and those of others. It can also be used to propagate Faith, but only by giving a perverse twist to historical values. Mr Dance recognises this when he condemns the twists imposed on history by Communism, Fascism, or even by western democracy. But he has his own twist without being conscious of it: he has Faith in the United Nations and in that curious idol, Unesco.

I have further doubts about 'agreed' history. Agreed by whom? Historians disagree even in a single country. How can we expect agreement among historians all over the world? Attempts to agree only mean that the awkward bits are crossed out; and we are left with a soft mush of nothingness, exactly like the attempts of the BBC to present an agreed or non-controversial version of current events. It would be more useful educationally to present schoolchildren with two, or more, versions in violent disagreement; and leave them to make up their own minds. As a matter of fact, something like this happens now in England, and ought to be encouraged. Every teacher of history teaches exactly as he likes, how he likes, and with such textbooks as he likes. There is no direction of teaching by the state or by anyone else; there are no official textbooks. Whether the textbooks are good or bad, I have no means of knowing. Though I have been teaching history in universities for 30 years, I have never seen a history textbook for the use of primary or even secondary schools; and most university teachers are in the same case. School textbooks are a dark underworld in which chaos reigns. What we need is more chaos, more disagreement, not less. Why should Mr Dance or I or some committee of historians decide that certain subjects are important or certain facts agreed? Competition is poorly regarded nowadays in the world of economics; it remains the golden rule in affairs of the mind. Textbooks should fight each other; teachers should fight the children; and the children should fight the competing ideas which are thrust upon them.

A. J. P. TAYLOR

Horseman's Last Word

The Horse in the Furrow. By G. E. EVANS. Illustrated by C. F. TUNNICLIFFE. *Faber.* 25*s.*

It is little more than 30 years since the throb of the internal combustion engine began to take its place among the normal sounds of the British countryside. But already it is time for the long history of the agricultural horse to receive its final chapter. Indeed, this is probably the last book to be written with the personal aid of the men who served the horse when it was still the prime mover of all field-work. So drastically, so rapidly has the cheap mobile power of the twentieth century dealt with the traditions and technologies of rural England.

In theory, this book is a history of the horse of the East Anglian farmlands, above all of the massive and muscular Suffolk Punch, and of the farming system which produced it and depended on it. In practice Mr Evans's terms of reference include anything local which he thinks the reader might care to know. The result is pleasantly conversational, a story told between puffs of a pipe on a leisurely country walk. For instance, his account of the origins of the Suffolk horse leads him to Herman Biddell who compiled the first stud-book of the breed, thence to a chapter on one of those rooted, substantial, sub-gentry farming families so typical of East Anglia, and finally to a commentary from Tusser and 'Arthur Chaplin, born 1885, for many years a baiter at Stowupland,' on the methods of work described in Arthur Biddell's account-books of the 1820's, including an aside on the dialect word 'delf', meaning a ditch, which was presumably introduced from the Dutch by Vermuyden's drainers in the seventeenth century . . . But however discursive and stimulating the cackle, we always get back to the horses and the variety of men and trades who developed, managed and equipped them.

First, of course, there were the breeders who by patient observation and choice down the generations converted their uncouth local stock into one of the finest and most handsome of agricultural horses. Then there were the horsemen, the technical aristocracy of the fields, whose masterful precision with such inherently clumsy tools as horses and ploughs is a memory of wonder to all who have seen it. And behind them were the blacksmiths and the harness-makers, local craftsmen meeting local needs with personal, pre-mechanical skills and maintaining to the end the traditions of the older economic order when all things were made by hand and one at a time.

Mr Evans introduces us to all these men, sometimes through other writers, sometimes in more intimate manner through the admirably recorded reminiscences of elderly survivors of the horse age. Nobody who has not become part of the local landscape could have secured such memories in so spontaneous and authentic a form. But the most striking sign of the confidence he has won in his own country is the information he has obtained on the Horseman's Word, the arcane lore of the ancient, secret craft-society of horsemen which apparently survived in organised form in Suffolk till the end of the last century. Indeed, his section on the folklore of the horse, in particular his account of the practical magic of the frog's bone, is the most original and fascinating part of the book.

It is not difficult to criticise *The Horse In The Furrow*. Some of it is scrappy, some rambling, some a little dull; not all the minutiae of the past that it describes are as picturesque as the ploughman's sleeved waistcoat with the cunning internal 'hare-pocket' that never gave the literal game away. More fundamentally, its history is casual and incomplete. For example, it gives no systematic account of the defeat of the ox by the horse, of the horse by the tractor and the lorry; it does not even mention steam-power, at one time an important potential rival to the horse-team; and its sources do not include the invaluable Forby. But in a sense all this is irrelevant. Mr Evans has recorded much worth recording, saved from oblivion much worth saving, and he has given us a true and unforgettable picture of the last age of Old England, so near us in time, so far from us in realities and assumptions. The general reader will enjoy this book, the historian will enjoy and use it. Both will find Mr Tunnicliffe's illustrations a delight.

NIGEL HARVEY

Chaplin Unbowlered

My Father. By CHARLES CHAPLIN JR, with N. and M. RAU. *Longmans.* 25*s.*

Books about Chaplin have all started from the image in baggy pants, followed them off the set, back to another discovery of My Work or My Childhood; and we didn't seem to be getting much further. Criticism has found nothing new to say since *Limelight*; even a revival of *Monsieur Verdoux* would produce only slight readjustments. Now, with the Indian summer in Vevey going its way, comes an unexpected lifting of the mask: a journalistic Life by the elder son of his second marriage. Charles Chaplin Jr was an infant in *The Gold Rush* days – not much more, he says, than a symbol to this Dad in awe of him; halfway through *The Circus* his mother, Lita Grey, filed divorce papers; the children stayed with Chaplin during the bachelordom of *City Lights*, were old enough to fall in love with Paulette Goddard when she came on the scene for *Modern Times*; and so, with *The Great Dictator* and war, *Limelight* and exile, home was still where the little big-head was.

Dad was an irresistible mixture of charm, fantasy, aloofness, a tyrant of the studios bubbling pensively at home: Napoleon and Grock in one. An old-fashioned politeness had developed eccentricities; for example, high-buttoned shoes that gave an appearance of spats and survived every marriage except the last. Then there were fierce steam baths, a horror of draughts. Mitsouko scent wrapped the Master round. Every now and then might come 'mellifluous thunder' from the amplifiers of the organ at which he had paused to 'pick out something'; or there was a huge bowl-gong at the stairs angle, not to be passed without a light tap and the pause to enjoy the ensuing growl. The tennis court encouraged stylish expertise, and it was years

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CHATTO & WINDUS

before his sons either could or dared win. Three fatherly Japs added to the comforts of the house on the hill, where a rare horror tale would enliven the bed shadows when the kids had been vaunting their own brand, and real horror with the threat of kidnapping and a revolver kept in the drawer; this heightened the night-prowling habit, 'in case there was someone there', disconcerting to other members of the household. At any moment might burst one of those lyrics of mimicry: a Sumo wrestler, a cat, a ballerina, Napoleon, bed-time and 'going upstairs' behind the sofa. The charm, added to a certain precariousness, made for bewilderment as well as enchantment, what with marriages so right till they went wrong, maintenance orders, court cases in which an ugly public jealousy and finally sheer persecution drove him out of the country only adopted. What else? He was left-handed; with a car he would 'drive out' into the country in a rubbernecking series of fits and starts ignoring both passenger and road. Wagner was his favourite composer, and he met a kindred daintiness in Debussy; he would mimic any animal except the monkey.

Dad is a person, almost a person of his own fiction. His son's biography lets us in at all levels. It is winningly frank, and doesn't try to cover up faults either in its subjects or in the writer. In fact, though not a very well written book, it is one we could not possibly do without, while awaiting the sunset memories of Vevey.

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

A Picture History of the Cinema (Vista Books, 35*s*, by Ernest Lindgren, surveys, mainly through stills and captions, the course of international films and film-making from 1895 until the present day.

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Honest Men

The Making of an Englishman. BY FRED UHLMAN. *Gollancz.* 25*s.*

Indifferent Honest. BY FRANK HALLIDAY. *Duckworth.* 18*s.*

Two lives as different in background and detail as those of Mr Fred Uhlman, painter, and Mr. Frank Halliday, Shakespearian scholar, it would be hard to find. For one the hard facts of the century's history have been daily bread; for the other, life arranged a gentle nursery of public schools and universities, cultured friendships, golden holidays, all the satisfactions that come to a greedy intellect which has been allowed to expand, if not in peace, at least in security. One might expect the end-products of such disparate experience to stand poles apart; but in fact, after finishing with equal pleasure these two distinguished autobiographies, I felt that I had been in touch with two minds which would have much in common.

Nothing could be further removed from the normal 'making of an Englishman' than the youth and early manhood which Mr Uhlman left behind him when he came to this country, in 1936, to marry the left-wing daughter of a staunchly right-wing politician. As a student in Freiburg, Munich and Tübingen, at a time when boozing and duelling were essential social accomplishments at the universities, he had already had his fill of anti-semitism before Hitler's star was even glimmering on the horizon. As both a Jew and an active Social Democrat, whose Stuttgart law practice, from 1930 onwards, consisted almost entirely of 'defending the defenders of the Weimar Republic', he knew that for him there would be no quarter if the fight was lost.

Mr Uhlman is not embittered, but those years have left their mark. Now an Englishman, an established painter with a happy family and a full, secure life, he remains cautious in his approach to people, suspicious of politics, sceptical of any too positive statement; and has touchingly retained his pristine wonder at aspects of English life which we take for granted: at being addressed as 'Sir' by a policeman; the carefully contrived balance of our law courts; the courtesy of officials; the civilised behaviour of motorists after an accident. Direct, simple, always honest and astonishingly lacking in prejudice, Mr Uhlman's book shows us – although I am sure it is the last thing he intended – how a bad world can somehow contrive to bring forth a good man.

For Mr Halliday, 1933 was the year in which C. Day Lewis published *The Magnetic Mountain.* Almost parenthetically, it was also the year in which Hitler became Chancellor, the year in which Mr Uhlman, and thousands like him, were either dying or fleeing for their lives. 'At first, however, I could not believe that tragedy or even melodrama could be associated with that little man.' This does not argue any lack of imagination on Mr Halliday's part, but only the extraordinary – and involuntary – insularity which beset, and still besets, the English intellectual.

This book is less an autobiography than an account of the development of a keen, widely roving intellect, and politics play their part: converted into a socialist almost overnight by the General Strike, he resisted the emotional pull of the Communist Party, and has come through the vicissitudes of the last 30 years with his ideals intact and an admirably clear-eyed moral and economic argument to back them up. But apart from tracing the course of one or two enviable friendships, and the pattern of his thinking about the arts, Mr Halliday devotes the major part of his book to a fair, informed, but hard-hitting attack on organised religion. 'The Christian conception of God is an impossible one,' he concludes; and not only impossible but, if we are to progress any further in self-understanding (*i.e.* the beginning of wisdom) a positively harmful one. Many agnostics will be grateful to Mr Halliday for organising their ideas with such – it seems to me – unanswerable clarity. Even those to whom his conclusions would be abhorrent could scarcely fail to be stimulated into taking a long and surprised look at some of their most cherished beliefs. Now that the schools, by Government direction, have stepped up the pressure of religious teaching, this book should be required reading for sixth forms.

JEREMY BROOKS

Pot-Hunters and Head-Hunters

The Children of Lilith. BY GUY PIAZZINI. *Hodder & Stoughton.* 21*s.*

Tambaran. BY RENÉ GARDI. *Constable.* 30*s.*

Here is a new kind of traveller: impatient, obstinate, loaded with gadgets, out for loot and with a yen for the Primitive, who goes into the Unknown to face Fearsome Dangers and comes out again with trophies, a book, and pretensions to ethnography. Mr Piazzini, no doubt a member of the *nouvelle vague* of French tourist-explorers, naturally wants to convince himself and his readers that they're in for something. The first thing we're in for is Komodo dragons, but it requires more than journalism to get particularly interested in these last of the dinosaurs, as he will call them. From Komodo he and his three companions adventurously penetrate the interior of Borneo where no white man, etc, come upon some likeable Dyaks and impertinently begin to question them on tribal custom. He finds a head-hunter, with well-staged shudders, and watches an entire village celebrate the Feast of the Severed Head – the head itself being an ancient trophy bought from a village downstream. One gets the impression from the author that till he came no one had done any ethnography upon the Dyaks, and that headhunting is an awful mystery never before revealed.

His companions in the meantime variously shoot quantities of wild pig, take flash photographs at the wrong moments, or disappear stolidly down river, alone in a canoe with native paddlers; and they are always battling against Time and the natural rhythms of life, in haste to find whatever it is they think has been hidden from them. They visit a small group of nomads, who practise shamanism on the pig-shooter – an interesting bit, this – but the nomads later lose all their hunting dogs and have to go into vassalage under the Dyaks, who treat them much as Negroes treat the Pygmies in Africa. Mr Piazzini becomes human in talking about the nomads, as he does at several other points when he is dealing with facts. But when he tries to bring the reader 'back to man's first beginnings, to the very roots of all civilisation and history', his pen sputters ink into his own eyes and stops him from observing his surroundings.

The expedition which Mr Gardi was on

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HAMISH HAMILTON

Two-bite Cherry

I CAUGHT myself, for a moment, disliking the splitting of The Observer into a news section and a Weekend Review, simply because it was a change, and therefore to be deplored.

But it's all right. There are level heads in Tudor Street. As soon as I realised I could give my wife half the paper without dismembering it, I began to see the benign utility of it all. Another thing I like about it is that it brings out even more clearly that The Observer is equally a newspaper and a vehicle for ideas.

In this don't misunderstand me. The physical division of The Observer into two is not a division between fact and fantasy, extravert and introvert, or husbands and wives. The home and foreign news of Part I would be a hard and awkward skeleton without the background and editorial comment that The Observer so usefully provides. And The Observer Weekend Review is inhabited as much by news as by thoughts. The difference between the two parts is one of practical convenience, corresponding roughly to two frames of mind in the same reader, and making it a good deal easier for him to find his way about.

Ideas are news too

Thus in Part I you look now for the London Diary . . . Mammon . . . Table-Talk . . . for the City pages and the Sports pages . . . for Cyril Dunn on America and Edward Crankshaw on Russia . . . for Patrick O'Donovan and Colin Legum . . . Dennis Bloodworth, Nora Beloff . . . brilliant and friendly interpreters of the world's events. Obviously, the Leader is here too, with Comment. But so is its fortnightly companion Paul Jennings, whose approach to fact is far from conventional.

Then in Part II, The Observer Weekend Review, you have now—in addition to such natural matter as the pure review pages—a second Front Page: which means that the news from the world of ideas has, at last, a proper forum. (It was here that Professor Julian Huxley and Canon Mascall debated Science and Religion, and here that the dramatic log of Francis Chichester's lonely Atlantic crossing was published.)

News with ideas. Ideas with news. Two people reading one Observer until, later on Sunday, one says "Swop?" It suits me fine. J.B.L.

was also after loot: loot for the Basle museum, from New Guinea. They depleted, it seems, many villages of prize possessions, and several tambaran houses – where the men's rites were carried out – of their carvings; so, no doubt, hastening the time when nothing is left there but mission stations and apathetic natives. Perhaps it doesn't make much difference – wouldn't the Great Auk have died out whether or not the egg-collectors were after it? Anyhow, Mr Gardi's photographs are excellent, and his unpretentious chronicle of the journey tells one a little about the yam cult and the New Guinea native's enormous solicitude for food plants but cruelty with animals; recounts a curious incident when the men, feeling insulted by the behaviour of a woman, in revenge broke up their own houses; and talks of the cargo cult and the great change from traditional to colonial culture. Not gripping, but simple to read; but I do wish he wouldn't refer to people as Children of Nature.

FRANCIS HUXLEY

The Squirming Facts

Wallace Stevens. By FRANK KERMODE. **Ezra Pound.** By G. S. FRASER. **Robert Graves.** By J. M. COHEN. **Henry James.** By D. W. JEFFERSON. *Oliver & Boyd. 3s. 6d.* each.

In this new series, 'Writers and Critics,' eight essays are to appear annually. Just over 100 pages each, these first samples are essentially primers. They put the facts plainly and with authority, but the three on poets are likely to persuade a tentative reader to look for 'meanings' to the exclusion or quiet shunting-off of other arguable things like technique or art's play-element.

Take Wallace Stevens, calling poetry 'the scholar's art,' stressing how 'The squirming facts exceed the squamous mind.' He both invites and warns the exegete; he gets more mind into a line than most poets get into a whole poem, but he also sets ideas rocking and shining to no obvious denotive purpose. He uses symbols consistently, as Professor Kermode tirelessly demonstrates, and if we know roughly what sun and moon, blue and green and horn meant to him we can readily work out preciser significances in differing contexts. But significance isn't everything; guided by the banisters we may still trip over subtlety in the stairs; and, equally, we may manage the transit without using the banisters at all.

Professor Kermode puzzles out the important poems and, in so doing, disputes the view that Stevens never improved on *Harmonium*. The result, crammed with quotations, notes and close arguing, reveals Stevens the man, his indebtedness to French literature, Santayana and, in detail, the development of such key ideas as the 'supreme fiction', the 'idea of order,' 'poverty' (being unimaginative) and 'abstraction' (freeing life's flavour from deceptive formulae). But Stevens's main doctrines are clearer than his texture; and, although Professor Kermode does some acute, minute and persuasive explication of the doctrines, he rarely explores the suggestive power or the skill of Stevens's rhythms and phrasing. Beginners armed with Stevens's maxim that the poem 'must resist the intelligence' are entitled to demonstration of why certain poems are good as poems as well as intriguing as theories.

Mr. Fraser writes in a frankly personal yet hardheaded way that I find most engaging. Here, he says, is how this particular poem hits me; I believe it does so because of this collocation of rhythms and the peculiar twist given to that image. He convincingly correlates Pound the perpetual alien ('no absolute social assurance') with the way his technique, making old and new elements into a new, no-man's idiom, has moved from archaism through mandarin and 'device-cluster' into ideogram and all kinds of mimicked vernacular. Mr Fraser doesn't always escape the trite ('Perhaps Pound in his greatest translations, or rehandlings, is always *more* than a translator') but he does valuably direct attention to Pound's rhythms (so why not his use of caesura?), his never quite visualised settings and 'the most centrally American thing about him,' 'that the tragic view of life is an alien concept to him.' It is good to have the text of the medical report that certified and saved Pound (for reasons that would certify without saving most poets) as well as a reminder of the American patriotism of the Adams Cantos. Mr. Fraser's final chapter, summing up what Yeats, Wyndham Lewis, Eliot and others have said on Pound, is done with zest and amenity; as is the whole book.

Graves the mythologist, Mr Cohen argues, has nourished Graves the poet: the later poetry 'is all love poetry.' This is surely true, and just as surely an understatement; I would have said the myths tired and inhibited the poet. *The White Goddess* resumes an earlier longing for 'The lost, the freakish, the unspelt': the poet's atavistic leanings also drive him into a compensatory strictness that tends to enfeeble. Hence his revisions, denaturing the poems; hence the rhapsodical analyst who chokes his own fluency, makes history esoteric and religion euhemerism. He seems reluctant to admit that a powerful illusion's power is not itself illusory. Mr Cohen, making his point repeatedly without obscuring the poet's main phases or seeming laborious, feels that 'the brain no longer impedes the heart.' I wonder. What the goddess feeds into the poet becomes severely muted. And Mr Cohen's refreshing comparisons with Blok, Lorca and Rilke strengthen that impression. This exemplary introduction, by the very direction of its argument, sets one exploring to some purpose. Mr Cohen has here the gist of a larger, more critical book.

Mr Jefferson knows enough about James's critics to keep him from over-ingenious theorising and from a too easy dismissal of James's romantic-mythical heritage. Through searching comparisons that take in most of the novels, he exposes James's themes in all their obliquity. Yet his book never degenerates into one of those fatty quote-*précis*-quote sandwiches beloved of harassed undergraduates; you have to have read James in order to profit fully. Mr Jefferson is especially deft at suggesting what happens in an American reader's mind as Maule's curse, James's imperfect national allegiance and 'the disrespect of chance, the insolence of accident' get to work on a Daisy Miller through the 'point-of-view' method. On the other hand, although drawing attention to the animal imagery in the accounts of country-house life, he suggests that James's attitude to imagery was often merely playful. And he most ably shows how the maturing writer uses tone and style to anaesthetise the reader to missing information.

It's heartening, anyway, to find someone who says 'most synopses of *The Wings of Dove* get the story wrong.' There is a moral for this promising series in that.

PAUL WEST

That Uncertain Fielding

Take a Girl like You. By KINGSLEY AMIS. *Gollancz.* 18*s.*

Mr Amis's view of the relation between the sexes became explicit in *That Uncertain Feeling*. Young men, when there is anything to them, are sad dogs, with the best will in the world unable to resist temptation, their lives, to quote Fielding on Tom Jones, 'a constant struggle between honour and inclination, which alternately triumph over each other'. Young women are sensible and efficient, brisk and businesslike, suffering – but not suffering indefinitely – the wayward male, whom in the end they are always ready to clip over the lug for his own good. It is a very masculine view, and a generous one, for it springs from the male's realisation of his innate inadequacy as a domestic being. Its chief spokesman in our literature is Fielding himself; it is indeed the point of his two great novels. In many ways Fielding is Mr Amis's master – one remembers from the weary waste of self-parody that *I Like It Here* largely was the freshness of the scene in which Bowen contemplates the statue of Fielding in Lisbon, and the best way one can describe *Take a Girl like You* is to say it is a prelude to a possible future *Amelia*.

This is of course to pitch the praise far too high. *Amelia* is one of the most remarkable novels ever written, and *Take a Girl like You* can easily be faulted even by the standards of 1960. It is much too long; there are times when the prose is uncommonly clotted; and every so often one is over-conscious of Mr Amis doing the Amis act. At times, too, one is reminded of a roughneck Wodehouse. But what is really important about Mr Amis, what makes his work so deeply interesting, is the moral seriousness in which – sometimes it seems almost unwillingly – he is inextricably caught up.

The story is of a simplicity which does not make Mr Amis's task any easier. It would not be too unfair to say that it is based on what V. S. Pritchett once called the principle of procrastinated rape. Jenny Bunn, a young woman from a working-class home in the north, comes to teach in an infant school in a town near London. She meets Patrick Standish, a young man who teaches Latin at the local public school, and though she has met wolves before she has not met a highbrow wolf like Patrick. They fall in love; and then the main action becomes quite simply a matter of 'Will she? Won't she?' Will she, the unsophisticated girl from the north, with old-fashioned notions about virginity (though thoroughly sporty, you understand), manage to keep out of Patrick's bed this side of marriage?

Patrick is splendidly done, created, one feels, with devastating accuracy: a very intelligent, serious young man, packed with all the Amis abhorrence of the bogus, who lives in a constant state of self-exasperation because, try as he will, he cannot keep his mind off girls and what, in the crude sense, they are there for. And so he is continually testing himself, testing his fidelity to Jenny, testing his will-power; all of which Mr Amis displays in a series of very funny episodes at parties, in strip-tease clubs, even at school cricket-matches. And there are excellent foils to Patrick. The weakness of the novel lies in Jenny. Beyond being presented as an amiable young woman of virtue and common sense, she is scarcely differentiated, and though her female attributes are more than once lovingly listed they remain conventionalised. She alone is spared satiric treatment, so that she appears less a young woman than a generous man's idea of a young woman. The same might be said, of course, of Sophia Western; but Fielding never committed himself to showing us part of the action of the novel through her eyes. This is Patrick Standish's book, as *Tom Jones* is Tom Jones's.

WALTER ALLEN

New Novels

Madrigal. By CHAPMAN MORTIMER. *Cresset.* 16*s.*

A Crooked Sixpence. By MURRAY SAYLE. *MacGibbon & Kee.* 16*s.*

Fishke the Lame. By MENDELE MOCHER SEFORIM. Translated by GERALD STILLMAN. *Yoseloff.* 18*s.*

The Violent Bear it Away. By FLANNERY O'CONNOR. *Longmans.* 16*s.*

What the World Owes Me by Mary Bowes. By SYLVESTER STEIN. *Faber.* 15*s.*

Madrigal opens excellently with one of those lean, grave-faced, Borrovian, Spanish horsemen riding on the crown of the road. But he disappears and the rest of the characters are maddeningly incomplete. There is Charles – Don Carlos – English businessman living near Malaga; his mistress with whom he quarrels; his new mistress, Kia, murdered-off for no very good reason in the end; and an assortment of German and Spanish extras. Mr Mortimer's style is tiring. He has an elliptical, veering approach which exhausts the reader, who is obliged to give perpetual little leaps from position to foothold to angle without pause. There are occasional, deft psychological strokes, exciting, momentary insights into behaviour, but the book's chief virtues lie in its evocations of place; Malaga springing into brandied, dusty life; the hot, quiet dullness of a factory suburb; the buying and selling and prices over the iron café table in the warm, busy night. Gossip is sought and heard 'at the bulls'. (Where do we go here? Certainly not the football match. There seems no proper provision for gossip in England.) There is a beautifully observed beach scene, a marvellous, tiny episode with a mule. But put all the trimmings together and we still haven't had a square meal.

Always a pushover for The Romance of Fleet Street – however phosphorescent, there's no resisting that wormwood charm – I enjoyed *A Crooked Sixpence* immensely. James O'Toole, a toughie with a soft chewy centre, arrives from Australia and lands himself a job on the *Sunday Sun*, homely dirt-purveyor to the nation. From then on, every gutter-press trick, fake, graft, slant, is laid out with a leathery, murderous precision which leaves not a nasty stone unturned. The book would be horrifying if it were not so gorgeously, rockingly funny. O'Toole rackets his way through a barney with the Meteorological Office (pure, lambent farce this) trying to get a straight answer to a straight question, will it rain tomorrow?; mocks up 'the life of a girl from Bradford who lives a life of shame'; fast-talks a homicide suspect into denying himself into guilt: 'I Did Not Batter My Lovely Wife To Death With a Golf Club.' There is also a projected lead story on the Queen doing the football pools: 'Thursday night at Buckingham Palace is just like your home with pools and telly'. A grumbling conscience finally explodes O'Toole out of the garbage can, but not be-

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fore Mr Sayle has again made absolutely clear the perpetual, unsolved dilemma of the liberal who has all his own concern for a free press used with a twisted, barefaced impudence against him. Though perhaps an even greater enemy is that small, listless anarchist inside; the *nostalgie de la boue* which – whatever the mind may say – makes potential *Sunday Sun* fodder of us all.

With *Fishke the Lame* we're squarely in the pickled herring belt. Mendele Mocher Seforim is perhaps the finest of the late nineteenth-century writers on Russian-Yiddish life. His novel, freshly translated, is about the squalid, seething under-layers of that society, sometimes urban, sometimes sweaty pastoral. The tone is sardonic; the matter complex, uproarious and full of pain. Fishke's adventures take him from his cosy job as a bathhouse attendant (another place where the gossip is good) on a horrifying Mendicant's Tour. The nearest contemporary comparison is perhaps not literary but cinematic: *La Strada.* But the reminiscent echoes are endless from Gorki back to Cervantes. Perhaps Seforim lacks the ultimate, magic authority of genius; but all the same, what exact, profound, human, comic truth: 'Rising from a fall in the forest is by no means so embarrassing as in town where people gather around and laugh. Therefore, each time I raised myself from the ground I did it with pleasure and thanked the Lord for being able to do so with dignity.'

An old man, one of those who live crouched with fanatic fixity around a single idea, keeps his great-nephew living with him in the remote, American backwoods. The boy, Tarwater, has had no education save a rudimentary one from his relative. But he has been told that he must, yes *must* become a prophet in the true, religious sense. When Tarwater is 14 his great-uncle dies and he goes to a cousin a deaf schoolmaster with an idiot son. The rest of *The Violent Bear it Away* concerns the struggles of the schoolmaster first to help the boy to escape the obsessional madnesses of the old man's teachings and then to save himself and his son from the boy. Miss O'Connor is, I think, a true and masterly novelist. Her people live entirely on their own without her. She knows strange parts of the heart; and as an investigator into the isolated, unsung heroisms of responsibility or the terrifying dependencies of love on however appalling an object so long as it fills a void she can hardly be read without anguish.

Mary Bowes is a red-haired chick from the McInnes country crossed with Delaney and a touch of muddied-up Margie (the girl, you remember, who kept losing her knickers). Mary is 'an awfully warm person' and even the other chicks like her. She is, however, in hospital, traumatically dumb. So she writes down bits of her more recent autobiography. This is broken up by chapters of straight, third-person narrative about Mary's childhood mainly in Durban where she is periodically parked by a non-loving Mum who finds her in the way on the tiles. The African scenes are brilliant and moving; the London ones more or less the old hash with a sickening pinch of near-incest for added flavour and an even more sickening happy ending with an old Durban defender turning up at the bedside to say 'You'll be all right with me and let's get married'. Oh, and it wasn't her father after all! Even if Mr Stein isn't a born long-distance runner surely he could have run on one course for the length of this short book instead of putting together these two little sprints of quite unequal worth.

GERDA CHARLES

Paperbacks

It's going to be quite an autumn for Penguins, and for King Penguins, Pelicans, Puffins, Baby Puffins and other marine fowl. And not only thanks to *Lady C.'s Lover* (on which, presumably, all critical opinions are now officially *sub judice*). It's Penguin's 25th birthday; and, at the end of this month, 25 new Penguin titles are to be issued to celebrate the event. The titles themselves are not, of course, new – but most of them are out-of-print modern classics, and extremely welcome. There's Camus's *The Plague,* which I remember hunting for unsuccessfully in hardbacks years ago. There's Thomas Mann's *The Magic Mountain,* that extraordinary essay in tubercular dialectics, which may scare away fewer potential readers in paperback form than in its former stiff-backed substantiality (frankly, I prefer the short stories and the incredible *Krull,* and even *Buddenbrooks* – all, incidentally, available in Penguins).

In the way of contemporary fiction, there will be Doris Lessing's *The Habit of Loving,* Iris Murdoch's *The Sandcastle,* and William Golding's *Lord of the Flies;* there will also be reprints of *The Longest Journey* and *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man.* In the field of non-fiction, the province of Pelican, there will be re-issues of J. E. Neale's *Queen Elizabeth I,* Nicolaus Pevsner's *Pioneers of Modern Design,* William H. Whyte's *The Organization Man* (a book one will clearly have to *read* one day) and Sir Kenneth Clark's *The Nude.* Also to appear is the 500th Pelican, *The Reader's Guide,* edited by Sir William Emrys Williams, which offers 'a syllabus for profitable reading in eighteen fields of knowledge and interest'. 'There are outlines,' we are told, 'of some 1800 recommended books' – about a hundred books a field. Clearly, the Pelican to end all Pelicans.

Obviously, one is impressed. And no one would wish to deny Penguins the credit for having pioneered, with such consistent tough- and high-mindedness, the Paperback Revolution. It was a most remarkable achievement and one almost without precedent (the precedents that spring to mind are Benn's Sixpennies in the Twenties, and continental paperbacks like Tauchnitz and Reclam. King Penguins, too, must have been modelled on the famous German Insel series). But, clearly, it was too good a thing to last: the Penguin near-monopoly would be broken sooner or later. This, though Penguins are still leading by a head, is what has happened in the past five years. First came the cheap detective or sex novelette, with its stripteasing cover-girl, to compete with the green-backed and orange-backed Penguins. Then, inspired by – and no doubt in competition with – tendencies in post-war American publishing (from which we were sheltered for a time by dollar deficits), we got the egghead paperback, rival to the Pelican. In the last few months, what was a gentle trickle has become a raging flood. 1960 is, one begins to suspect, the 1917 of the Paperback Revolution. Penguin's birthday, 25 years ago, was only its 1905.

This month, for instance, we have the first Oxford Paperbacks (Cambridge was as usual, I am glad to say, a canvas ahead). The first dozen of this new series seem especially good value. They're dearer than Pelicans, but also more durable; they compare very well, at an average price of 8s 6d, with the excellently produced Faber series. They are aimed, in the first place, at a student readership, appearing appropriately at the start of the academic year, and include: Humphry House's *The Dickens World*, Middleton Murry's *The Problem of Style*, G. M. Young's *Portrait of an Age*, Gilbert Murray's *The Rise of the Greek Epic*, C. S. Lewis's *A Preface to Paradise Lost*, Ronald Syme's *The Roman Revolution* and Professor Cazamian's *A History of French Literature*.

Clearly, with the arrival of Oxford Paperbacks and of the new Unwin series (discussed by Walter Allen last month in this column), Pelicans are coming up against some pretty stiff direct competition. And there are some vigorous flanking thrusts, too, into the preserve of the 'Pelican University'. Heinemann and Hutchinson are both launching popular science series, of what seem to be a very reputable standard. The Heinemann Science Studies Series are priced at 4s 6d each, and include monographs on magnets, soap-bubbles neutrons, radar and sonar in animals, and the earth's radioactivity. The Hutchinson Arrow series seem, at 5s each, equally good value; they include studies – many translated from the French or Spanish – of plant anatomy, cosmology, 'matter and anti-matter', and the forms and evolution of intelligence in animals.

Two other groups deserve a mention. An innocent-looking series, calling itself Seven Seas Books, arrived in this office some time ago. They are pleasantly produced and, as a volume of translations from Arnold (not Stefan) Zweig suggests, this is in fact an East German production. Many of the titles are English – Thackeray's *Snobs*, Morris's *A Dream of John Ball* – and the aim seems to be a Red Tauchnitz, doubtless with an eye to the ex-colonial English-reading public. Most of it is what they would call left-wing; some of it is what we would call left-wing.

Lastly, if you want to know any more about the Beatniks, there's an excellent Corinth book, *The Beat Scene* (18s), published over here by Centaur Press. There are photographs of the leading exponents of Beat 'literature' (some 25 of them), together with samples of their handiwork. Also from Centaur Press, you can have Jack Kerouac's painful *The Scripture of the Golden Eternity* (7s 6d), Robert Creeley's *A Form of Women* (12s), Gary Snyder's *Myths and Texts* (10s) and Frank O'Hara's *Second Avenue* (7s 6d). But, personally, I'd recommend *The Beat Scene*: Beatniks have to be seen to be believed; but equally, judging from the poems in *The Beat Scene*, Beatniks should be seen and not heard.

JOHN MANDER

Oxford Ibsen

Ibsen: Volume VI. Translated and edited by J. W. MCFARLANE. *Oxford*. 25*s*.

An Enemy of the People; The Wild Duck; Rosmersholm. Translated by J. W. MCFARLANE. *Oxford*. 5*s*. each.

The tale of Ibsen translations continues. While we have been reading the first four of Mr Michael Meyer's new series, the first three of Mr James Walter McFarlane's series have arrived. After waiting so long for a new general edition, we can hardly complain and we are probably beyond surprise. But, since the series must evidently be to some extent competitive, the position of any reviewer is difficult. There is an obvious expectation of some definite commitment, as to which series to start buying. But as yet Mr Meyer and Mr McFarlane have not translated the same plays, and no reasonable recommendation can be more than provisional.

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As a piece of publishing, I prefer the new Oxford series. The paper editions, at five shillings, are very attractive, and the first volume of the Library edition – chronologically it is Volume VI – is excellent. Mr McFarlane has included in the volume not only the ordinary apparatus of introduction and bibliography, but a list of performances and critical works, and, most interestingly, a selection of Ibsen's preliminary notes and drafts. Much of this material has been previously available to specialists, but this general availability is important, especially for certain plays. In this volume, the successive drafts of *The Wild Duck* and *Rosmersholm* are fascinating; it is probably also true that they will be the most interesting of the whole series. Mr McFarlane's general work as an editor is of a high standard. As a critic, in the quite ambitious Introduction, he is ably descriptive but as yet, I think, little more. I find a certain naivety in his handling of the difficult ideas at the edges of these plays, and there are some bad lapses into current North Atlantic cant about the masses and the mass-mind. As an illustration of the danger of this, I invite comparison of his account of Ibsen's Trondheim speech of 1885, and Ibsen's text reprinted in Appendix III.

As for actual translation, Mr McFarlane has not yet come to what seem to me the really difficult cases: *Peer Gynt* and *Brand*. I like his translation of *Rosmersholm*, which is an evident improvement on that by Charles Archer in William Archer's old edition. *The Wild Duck*, though more evidently imperfect, is also a gain. As for *An Enemy of the People*, there is really not much between Mrs Marx-Aveling, in the Archer edition, and Mr McFarlane now: the right kind of coarse rhetoric is difficult to catch, and the original, by general agreement, is thin. Taking the whole volume, we can for these plays stand Archer down, but as yet we can say no more, except in sympathetic encouragement, about the McFarlane and Meyer entries in the new English Ibsen marathon.

RAYMOND WILLIAMS

Shorter Reviews

Shakespeare as Collaborator. By KENNETH MUIR. *Methuen.* 16*s.*

Professor Muir thinks that *Edward III* is Shakespeare's part-revision of a play by an unknown author (whom there is no reason to suppose is George Peele) undertaken during 1593-5. He has noted some interesting parallels with *Henry V* and *Measure for Measure* which show that in these later plays Shakespeare could re-write his own lines as strikingly as Marlowe did in the passages Eliot noted. Shakespeare's *Pericles* is probably based on an earlier dramatic version of the play by an unknown author, and not the Wilkins who wrote *The Painfull Aduentures of Pericles*. Professor Muir thinks this novel was slightly influenced by Shakespeare's play. The most interesting chapters concern *The Two Noble Kinsmen.* Fletcher's share in the play is generally accepted, and Professor Muir argues persuasively for the view that his collaborator *was* Shakespeare. Apart from the title-page ascription, which mentions both playwrights, there is the quality of the verse in the non-Fletcherian scenes. In an amusing passage, Professor Muir underlines the oddness of the view, held by some scholars, that the magnificent passages in Acts I and V were written by 'an unknown poet who wrote great poetry, only distinguishable from Shakespeare's by its excess and continuity of brilliance'. His handling of metrical and vocabulary tests is sensible and discriminating, and he makes good use of the existence of image-clusters, idiosyncratic conjunctions of three or more images illustrating the same idea, to define the Shakespearian quality of the style. His view that the play has as good a right to inclusion in the Collected Works as *Henry VIII* is very convincing, and the date (*c*.1613) gives the play a fortuitous poignancy: it becomes Shakespeare's latest verse. In the chapter on *Cardenio*, Professor Muir suggests that Theobald's claim to have used a MS of this last play as the basis of his own *Double Falsehood* is probably correct, and that there is no reason to deny Shakespeare's original hand.

G. M.

The Scottish People. BY JAMES ALAN RENNIE. *Hutchinson.* 30*s.*

An old man in Argyllshire, name of Mackenzie, was asked how he came to be living in a country mainly filled with Campbells and Stewarts. 'But I don't belong here,' he said. 'We're from Kintail, we've only been in Benderloch for 200 years.' It is this long memory of a Scot, Lowland as well as Highland, that provides the basis for Mr Rennie's book, and its possible audience.

The substance of it is in the sections on clans and families, from Sinclairs of Caithness to Armstrongs of Liddesdale: crests, war-cries, badges, mottoes and the brighter bits of clan history are dispensed for those Scots – perhaps especially Scots outside Scotland? – who like to feel their links with a colourful past. (I was set up to find that my mother's clan crest was 'a hand couped, holding a ducal cup, within two laurel branches, disposed orlewise, proper' but not too pleased to read that we Buchanans claim 'to stem from the same source as the Macmillans'.) These family sections are sandwiched between two sweet slices of Scottish history, rich with romantic stories (there is a lot, for example, about Montrose's spectacular campaigns for the King, while his earlier, pro-Covenant activities are passed over in a phrase) told rather in the style of the late H. E. Marshall's *Scotland's Story*, but more bouncily. The whole is a bit like a whisky advertisement in the *New Yorker*: all tartan and tradition, and not a look at the duller facts underlying the picturesque surface.

J. A. S.

Week-end Competition

No. 1,596 **Set by Donkey**

The following lines were written by Dr Erasmus Darwin in praise of Arkwright's spinning process, established on the Derwent:

> First, with nice eye, emerging Naiads cull
> From leathery pods the vegetable wool;
> With wiry teeth revolving Cards release
> The tangled knots and smooth the ravell'd fleece:
> Next moves the iron hand with fingers fine,
> Combs the wide card, and forms th'eternal line;
> Slow with soft lips the whirling can acquires
> The tender skeins, and wraps in rising spires;
> With quickened pace successive rollers move,
> And these retain, and those extend, the rove:
> Then fly the spokes, the rapid axles glow
> While slowly circumvolves the labouring wheel below.

The usual prizes are offered for not more than 12 lines, in this manner, on any modern industrial process. Entries by 4 October.

Result of No. 1,593 **Set by Naomi Lewis**

The usual prizes are offered for a letter, in 100 words, addressed to *The Times Literary Supplement*, the *Sunday Times*, or any learned quarterly, supplying a scholarly reply to any one of the following unanswered literary questions: 'What appears/In England's case to move the muse to tears?'

(Cowper); 'And is there any moral shut/Within the bosom of the rose?' (Tennyson); 'Have I not reason to lament/What man has made of man?' (Wordsworth); 'Who shall dare/To chide me for loving that old armchair?' (Eliza Cook); 'What schoolboy of fourteen is ignorant of this remarkable circumstance?' (Macaulay); 'What female heart can gold despise?' (Cowper).

Report

Absolute seriousness is the thing; the wilder the thesis the more convincing, more earnest and detailed the manner. Too many competitors made the mistake of merely assuming the pose of the character they seemed to be posing to be. But how can you paralyse your readers' disbelief if you have not come to terms with your own? Vocabulary, too: such terms as 'old hat' and 'brash' fall with a rude surprise into the text, inducing doubt. It must be added that the word 'scholarly' was rather loosely interpreted by some. But changing educational terminology may be to blame for this, and to keep in step with the times we include a classic though non-eligible reply:

> SIR, – Miss Cook is not alone in her affection for furniture. My mother has a Victorian commode in natural laminated pitch-pine to which she is devoted and it travels with her *everywhere*. It has the word 'Rex' carved with a knife on the lid. Was it ever used by British royalty, we wonder? A jealous dealer once suggested it may have only been foreign royalty.
>
> I am at present writing a book 'Sentimental Associations of English Furniture' and I would be grateful for the loan of any suitable specimen your readers might have. (E. O. Parrott.)

Prizes of a guinea and a half to each of the four below, who did do their best to throw some light on these dark literary corners. Honourable mentions to Geoffrey Parker, Nancy Gunter, Vera Telfer, Constance Dart, Allan M. Laing, W. G. Daish, V. R. Omerod, Helen MacGregor, Audrey Laski, Rhoda Tuck Pook.

SIR, –

And is there any moral shut
Within the bosom of the rose?
(Tennyson)

How strangely insensitive are the countrymen of Chaucer and Milton to the nuances of their own poets! Shakespearean editors still ignore Von Moellendorf's brilliant emendation of the Duke's speech in *As You Like It*:

('. . . *stones* in the running brooks,
Sermons in *books* . . .').

One does not need palaeographical expertise to amend *these* lines. Experiment: write 'insect' carelessly, as Tennyson manifestly did. The three strokes of 'in' appear as 'm'; a casual 'se' is read 'or', and 'c' with an uncrossed 't' to be 'al'.

Rose-growers who do not spray adequately now answer in the affirmative!

HANS VON MOSS,
c/o B. B. Causer

SIR, – The solution to this interesting Lucretian theological-cum-horticultural conundrum has nowhere been clearly propounded, though Gottlieb (*Literaturgeschichte*, vol. 4, 1912), Merthyr and Tydfil (*Notes Towards an Enquiry Into Some Aspects of Tennysoniana*, University of Carolina, 1956), Legouis and Dupont (*Le Victor Hugo de Lincolnshire*, Paris, 1929), and Smith (*Homes and Gardens*, January, 1957) have each in their own way grappled with the problem. They appear to agree that, broadly speaking – and one can only speak broadly in this connection (Tennyson himself retained a broad Lincolnshire accent all his life) – the answer is, in all probability, no.

STANLEY J. SHARPLESS

SIR, – After studying Cowper's question,

'What appears
In England's case to move the muse to tears?'

I have come to the conclusion that the condition of England the poet had in mind was that strikingly expressed by Herbert in 'The Temple' (no doubt Cowper was currently reading the work) –

'O England! full of sin, but most of sloth,
Spit out thy phlegm.'

The country had, through slothful failure to put on its moral overcoat, caught, as the phrase has it, a chill, thus moving the gentle Cowper's muse to tears.

Yours faithfully,
A. Pedant.
G. J. BLUNDELL

SIR, – I have made a statistical survey of the main causes of tears in ten principal English poets and can assure Mr Cowper that the chief lachrymal stimulant is the death or misfortune of a loved one. This confirms the theory that laughter is akin to tears since most of our comedy is based on the misfortunes of others.

Minor causes of tears are remembrance of happier times (typical English sentimentality), and self-pity (typical English hypocrisy). There is also a strong underlayer of typical English eccentrics such as Lord Lundy who was moved to tears for no apparent reason.

DOUGLAS HAWSON

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Bear on the Hearthrug

One demonstration was not rained out: Wall Street welcomed Mr Krushchev by falling further in a single day than since the time, a long time ago, when the market was still curious about the details of President Eisenhower's physiology, far enough to carry it unthinkingly through a resistance-point which it had often longed for, several times approached, yet never before had had the courage to penetrate. This penetration of the February 1959 low has its emotional importance, but Wall Street is steadied by the knowledge that nobody thinks its emotions quite as important as they used to be. Mr Krushchev, in any case, was only a useful excuse. Wall Street is obsessed by fears about prosperity, and even the presidential election campaign has been forgotten in the danger of a 1961 recession.

The London stock market has taken all this with a watchful dignity. Reluctantly, it has abandoned its own reasons for optimism. Selwyn begins his new life caught so tightly in a web of hot money that only a miraculous spurt can get him out; there is little chance of an easing of the credit squeeze, however bruised the smaller manufacturers of consumer goods. The best hope is that the squeeze should begin seriously to affect firms which account for a recognizable part of the country's employment and investment, and the motor firms – which have efficient PRO organisations – have begun to talk seriously about redundancy and short-time working in the past week or two. The increase in coal prices has certainly been well timed; Mr Robens must be glad that it took place before he became chairman of the NCB.

* * *

The reports of the Rank Group show, more openly than usual, that the £1.1m increase in profit which pushed earnings and dividends up so much was due entirely to the old interests, a loss of £900,000 on film production and distribution being converted into a £200,000 profit; the group's various belated attempts at diversification, despite Lord Rank's optimism, have so far proved unprofitable – last year's figures had to bear the full brunt of a peculiarly unprofitable venture into the record business.

However unsuccessful in looking after the interests of its shareholders, the Rank Group is anxious for those of its executives: not the least interesting statement in the report was that 40-50 executives are to be offered an option over not more than 500,000 'A' shares next month as an incentive scheme. This decision follows self-consciously close on a House of Lords judgement, only a couple of months ago, on the case of *Abbott v. Philbin.* The general Inland Revenue ruling is that any remuneration or perks which arise from employment are liable to tax under Schedule E; you get away with things like luncheon vouchers which are theoretically non-transferable and non-convertible-into-cash, but not if you are either a director or one of the over-£2,000-a-year employees concerned with larger incentives. Options to buy the company's shares are common in the US, and a number of executive-minded companies tried to introduce the fashion into this country a few years ago: the Inland Revenue quietly threatened to tax any profit, and the fashion faded. But Robinsons, a paper company which believes in paying its directors well, pushed on with a test-case in the name of the company secretary, and the House of Lords eventually found in its favour.

And the House of Lords, in logic, was clearly right. The Inland Revenue had been claiming the right to tax a man on the profit he made by exercising his share option: if he was given the option to buy shares at 10s and gained a profit by exercising it when they stood at 15s, he would be taxed on the 5s difference. But this was to argue – a tenable argument, but one which the Inland Revenue does not yet recognise – that all profits should be taxed and all losses ignored. The fact is, and the law now is, that the chap should be taxed on the value of the option at the time when it is given. But how is this to be measured? The stock exchange market in options nowadays provides only a distant analogy to the sort of options which company directors are anxious to provide themselves with as an incentive to efficiency, and the stockbrokers who run it have no need of fees as expert witnesses. The Inland Revenue is stumped for the moment for a criterion: until it has excogitated one, there will be plenty of executives eager for options.

* * *

The 50-50 partnership between British Aluminium and Consolidated Zinc to develop Queensland's bauxite has broken up. The partnership has existed since 1956, the chairman of Consolidated Zinc sits on the BA board, and the vast amount of capital involved in the Queensland project – perhaps £100m over 15 years – was an argument freely used by both sides in the battle for British Aluminium a couple of years ago. One can only assume a difference of commercial opinion between British Aluminium under its new management and Consolidated Zinc – which has already been encouraged by the Australian government to begin a major aluminium smelting project in New Zealand. Aluminium ore is common enough (the main cost of aluminium is the electricity needed to smelt it) and a long line of underdeveloped countries mean to start life with an aluminium industry; British Aluminium may well wish to go slowly and concentrate for the moment on its Canadian project. The question is whether Consolidated Zinc is now to go it alone or with a North American partner.

Company News

Most of the main company news this week has been disappointing. The expected spurt in *Vickers'* profits turns out to have been held back to some extent by the delays in Vanguard deliveries. The profits of *Associated Electrical* have taken longer than expected to recover from the price-cutting war in cables and are now suffering from the HP restrictions: the profit after depreciation for the first half of this year was rather lower than in 1959. *Cossor* is passing its Preference as well as its Ordinary dividend; *Kenwood* is postponing payment of its half-year Preference dividend and warning everyone that the results are bound to be much worse than forecast at the end of last year; *Vactric*, which turned down a bid of three times the present price a year ago, has turned a profit of £635,000 into a loss of £122,000 and is passing both Preference and Ordinary dividends. *Charles Roberts*, a railway wagon manufacturer which went into HP, has announced that HP has lost it over £500,000.

TAURUS

The Chess Board

No. 567 No Ado About So Much

Indeed not, for a chess player should take P-endings in his stride, even though he should have no illusions about the pitfalls of those innocent-looking positions on a most sparsely populated board. My entire column would hardly do for more than the most superficial analysis of one of those tricky Grigoriev-endings with a mere Pawn or two on either side. But here's not what the master would call a proper study, it's a mere illustration of a basic principle. /24/3k3p/7P/7K/4P3/8/. White's only chance to promote his KP is to give up the other pawn in such a way as to be able to counter . . . KxRP by K-KB4. Even so, Black will promote his P, but by then he will have a lost position.

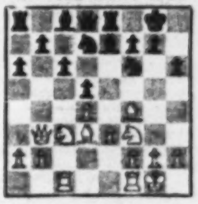
1) K-Kt3! [K-Kt2? would give Black the opposition], K-K5; 2) K-Kt2!, K-K6; 3) K-B1, K-K5! (K-B5?); 4) K-K1, K-K6; 5) K-Q1, K-B5; 6) K-Q2, K-K5! [. . . K-Kt5?, followed by . . . KxP would enable White immediately to achieve his object]; 7) P-K3, K-B6 [Relatively best since a prolonged stand on the K-file would give White the chance of winning the RP]; 8) K-Q3, K-Kt6; 9) K-K4! (P-K4?), K-Kt5! (KxP?); 10) K-K5!, KxP [Now inevitable since any other move would be defeated by P-K4]; 11) K-B4!, K-R6; 12) P-K4, K-Kt7! [A little trap, 13) K-Kt5? now being countered by . . . K-Kt6! and a forced draw]; 13) P-K5, P-R5; 14) P-K6, P-R6; 15) P-K7, P-R7; 16) P=Q, P=Q; 17) Q-K2 ch!, and if Black plays . . . K-R6 he is mated in two moves, whereas . . . K-Kt8 is defeated by 18) K-Kt3! etc.

This is one of a good many instructive examples lucidly explained by *Max Euwe* in the 8th volume of his collection of booklets dealing with various aspects of the endgame. The German edition of *Pionneneindspelen*, entitled *Bauern-Endspiele* is published by *Schach-Archiv*, Hamburg, at DM. 2.40. Among general principles elucidated by Euwe is the one that in endings of RP v. RP & KtP it is advantageous for the defender to have his P on its initial square so as to enjoy the maximum margin of movement. Here's a position which Lolli (1763) considered a win. /8/7p/8/5k2/16/5KPP/8/. 110 years later Reichhelm proved the position to be drawn. 1) K-B3, P-R4!; 2) P-R3, K-K4; 3) P-Kt3, K-B4; or 1) K-Kt3, K-Kt4!; 2) P-R4 ch, K-B4; or 1) K-Kt3, K-Kt4; 2) P-R3, P-R3!

Now here's a position which J. Berger, greatest endgame expert of his time, obtained (in 1889-91) in a correspondence game against J. H. Bauer: /16/6kp/p7/1p4P1/1P3K2/P1P5/8/. The only way for White to force the win is to give up all but one of his pawns.

1) P-B4!, PxP e.p. (forced); 2) K-K3!, K-Kt4; 3) P-R4!, KxP; 4) P-Kt4!, PxP; 5) K-Q3!! [After the rather more obvious 5) P-R5? Black could force the draw by . . . P-Kt6; 6) K-Q3, P-Kt7; 7) K-B2, K-B6; 8) P-R6, K-K7; 9) P-R7, P=Q ch!; 10) KxQ, K-Q8! etc], P-R4; 6) P-R5, P-R5; 7) P-R6, P-R6; 8) P-R7, P-R7; 9) P=Q etc.

A. Max Euwe 1928



The 4-pointer for beginners is a game position not far out of the opening, and so densely populated a board may provide a welcome change to the main fare this week. Euwe's opponent (none other than the great Rubinstein) wished to secure the monopoly of the pair of Bishops, and to get rid of the White QB he played . . . . Kt-R4. Why was this a grave blunder causing the immediate loss of a pawn? For 6 and 7 ladder-points **B** is a draw, **C** a win. Usual prizes. Entries by 3 October.

B: Leonid Kubbel: /2k5/3p4/P7/Pp6/8/4K3/16/.

C: A. P. Gulaev, 1952: /5B2/Kpp5/4P3/k7/P5r1/1b2p3/8/5R2/.

REPORT on No. 564. Set 3 September

A: (19) . . . R-Kt8 ch; (20) RxR, Kt-B7 mate.

B: (1) R-K5!, RxR; (2) P-Q7, R-K3 ch; (3) K-Kt5!, RxP; (4) P=Kt!! and wins the R. (P=Q would be stalemate).

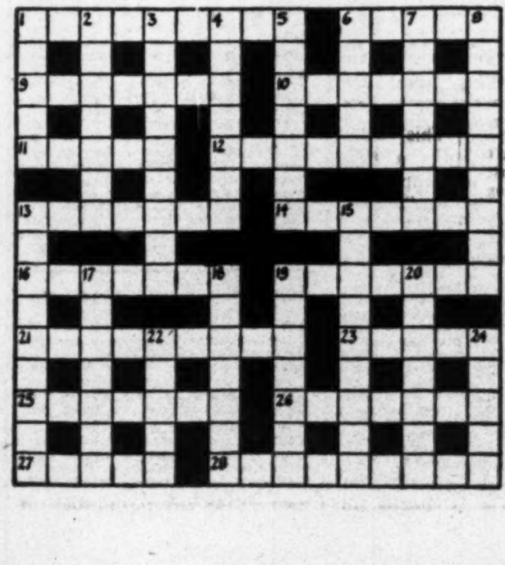
C: (1) Kt-B3, PxKt (forced); (2) Kt-Kt6 ch, K-K4; (3) Kt-Q7 ch, K-Q4 (forced); (4) Kt-B6 ch, K-K4; (5) Kt-Kt4 ch, and wins the Q wherever the K moves.

Most competitors spotted **B** to be a win, but it seems only fair to give the stalematers full marks. Prizes: J. W. Atkinson, J. P. Ford, M. B. James, B. Silver, A. J. Sobey.

ASSIAC

Week-end Crossword 424

Prizes: Three book tokens of 15s. for the first correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword 424, New Statesman, Great Turnstile, London, WC1, by first post 4 October.



ACROSS

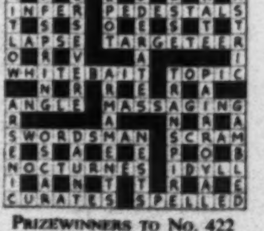
1. Torpid which would do for the light race (9).
6. Cheer for a villian (5).
9. Murder a second relative (7).
10. Present at present but not present (7).
11. In general if we look back we have everything before us (5).
12. Inscriptions with a phrase recast about an animal (9).
13. Have meat and drink to give encouragement (7).
14. The bird to go with an American drink (7).
16. Teachers keep nothing in secret places (7).
19. What the musician may do to study a passage (7).
21. Small body with many members (9).
23. Bring horror to a quiet comrade (5).
25. Place which makes crude oil pay about a thousand (7).
26. Show off in two bits of play (7).
27. Harass a king (5).
28. The servant pursues honour for part of the book (9).

DOWN

1. Enrols for combat (5).
2. The novelist loses his ending for a slut (7).
3. The goddess has shot a hart at random (9).
4. Dress for a fellow about to prepare for a battle (7).
5. Preserving a statesman (7).
6. Arbour for a violinist? (5).
7. Theatre where the lead is changed over a letter (7).
8. Error concerning vision (9).
13. Make the parsons resign as a sign of repentance (9).
15. Breathes in a district for orientals (9).
17. The trouble-maker starts by disturbing anyone (7).
18. A Stevenson character, we make a rising in the beginning (7).
19. A brave man gets into bed for a smoke (7).
20. Paula is upset about a bit of a letter from a place in Sweden (7).
22. Mean what is merely decapitated (5).
24. Supple half-line put on an article (5).

SET-SQUARE

Solution to No. 422



PRIZEWINNERS TO No. 422

Miss B. Kemp (Uxbridge), Dr. Mahesh Desai (Sutton), Mrs G. M. Girvan (London, N14).

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS

Cost 6s. per line (average six words) minimum two lines. Box number 2s. 6d. Semi-display giving greater prominence 90s. per inch. Copy by Tuesday first post can normally be inserted same week. N.S., Great Turnstile, London, WC1. Telephone HOLborn 8471.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT

UNIVERSITY OF AUCKLAND
New Zealand

Applications are invited for the following posts:

LECTURESHIP IN ACCOUNTANCY

Applicants should be university graduates, preferably with a Master's Degree, and should be qualified members of a recognised professional accountancy society.

LECTURESHIP IN COMMERCIAL LAW

Applicants will be expected to have the Degree of LL.M or its equivalent and to have had some years of practical experience in a legal office.

LECTURESHIPS (3) IN ENGLISH

Two of the posts will be at Auckland and the third at the Waikato Branch at Hamilton. For one of the posts at Auckland special preference will be given to an applicant well qualified in the teaching of English language.

LECTURESHIP IN GERMAN

To teach German language and literature.

LECTURESHIP IN CHEMISTRY

Applicants to state the fields in which their research interests lie.

LECTURESHIP IN ROMANCE LANGUAGES (French)

To teach French language and literature; qualifications in 20th century literature will be an advantage.

The salary scale for a Lecturer is £1,250 per annum, rising to £1,700 by annual increments of £75. Commencing salary within this scale will be determined according to qualifications and experience.

Travel and other removal expenses are allowed within specified limits.

Further particulars and information as to the method of application should be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, WC1.

Applications close, in New Zealand and London, on 31 October 1960.

VACANCY FOR ASSISTANT SECRETARY (ECONOMIST/STATISTICIAN)

The Royal Institute of British Architects have a vacancy for an Assistant Secretary to take charge of their Economic Research Department, dealing with the collection, collation and interpretation of data about the profession and the building industry; and to act for a period as Secretary of the Joint Consultative Committee of Architects, Quantity Surveyors and Builders.

A university degree, with specialised knowledge of statistics, is essential. Experience of the building industry or of Government statistics, and administrative experience, would be an advantage.

Age limits 28-35, salary £1,250/50/2,000. Further information and application forms from the Secretary, RIBA, 66 Portland Place, London, W1. The closing date for applications is 10 October 1960.

CANADA
SOCIAL CASEWORKER

required by The Family Service Bureau of Windsor, Ont., Canada. Applicants should be under 45 years and hold a recognised qualification in casework. Windsor is a town of 200,000 people, situated opposite Detroit, USA. Excellent working conditions, salary up to $5,800 (£2,160) p.a.

Apply to: Dept. 4120, National Employment Service of Canada, 61 Green Street, London, W1.

ARE YOU CLEAN GONE?

If so, you may be the person we are looking for to run a coffee-bar-cum-club in the City of London for young people from the East End. But you must be able to recruit and handle voluntary helpers as well as a mixed clientèle. Serious applicants should write, suggesting salary and stating experience, to Rector, S. Botolph's Crypt Club, Aldgate, EC3.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

GOVERNMENT OF ADEN
SENIOR LABOUR OFFICER
(between 40 and 50)

required primarily for conciliation duties in industrial relations but may be called upon to undertake other duties normal to an overseas Labour Department. Candidates must have sound knowledge and experience of industrial relations and Trade Union legislation, together with experience in mediation and conciliation in industrial disputes. Knowledge of typical labour legislation in an overseas territory with previous experience and ability in training subordinate staff in conciliation and other industrial relations work would be an added advantage. Post on contract terms with gratuity. Salary according to experience in scale £1,042-£2,004 inclusive. Quarters at low rental. Free passages and medical attention. Outfit and Children's Education allowances.

Tour of service 18-24 months. Low income tax. Generous home leave.

Further particulars and application forms from Director of Recruitment, Colonial Office, London, SW1, quoting BCD 132/2/04/A4. Candidates should state their full names when applying.

GOVERNMENT OF ADEN

LABOUR OFFICER (between 30 and 45) required primarily to act as Secretary to the President of the Aden Industrial Court, but may be called upon to undertake other duties normal to an overseas Labour Dept. Candidates must have a sound knowledge of industrial relations procedures for settlement of disputes, the nature and functions of Employers and Employees' organisations, and labour legislation: preferably with experience of reporting proceedings of Joint Meetings. Post on contract terms with gratuity. Salary according to experience in scale £1,040 – £1,844 inclusive. Quarters at low rental. Free passages and medical attention. Outfit and Children's Education allowances. Tour of service 18-24 months. Low income tax. Generous home leave.

Further particulars and application forms from Director of Recruitment, Colonial Office, London, SW1, quoting BCD.132/2/05/A4. Candidates should state their full names when applying.

GOVERNMENT OF TANGANYIKA

Labour Officer (male, aged 25 to 33) required for the inspection of conditions of employment in industrial and other undertakings. Work also includes the conduct of industrial relations, the settlement of trade disputes and supervising the operation of the employment exchange. Degree or equivalent (e.g. AMIMechE) desirable. Candidates should have had industrial experience in personnel management or in technical post involving supervision of labour or have held administrative or technical appointments in Commissioned rank in HM Forces. Post on contract/gratuity terms. Salary scale £1,014 to £1,617. Outfit and education allowances. Where available, quarters provided at low rental. Free passages. Generous home leave. Tour 30-36 months. Low Income Tax.

Further particulars and application forms from Director of Recruitment, Colonial Office, London, SW1, quoting BCD.132/8/05/A4. Candidates should state their full names when applying.

RAINHILL MENTAL HOSPITAL MANAGEMENT COMMITTEE
Rainhill Hospital, Rainhill,
Nr Liverpool

Applications are invited for the following appointment from persons holding a University honours degree in Psychology or such other qualifications as approved by the Minister of Health or Secretary of State for Scotland:

PSYCHOLOGIST (Probationer Grade). Whole-time at Rainhill Hospital. The salary and conditions of service are as laid down by PTA Circular No. 72 and is as follows: £580 × £25 (4) – £680. Experience not essential. This large Hospital caters for all kinds of Mental Illness and there is an opportunity to participate in the Liverpool Regional Training Scheme in addition to the comprehensive training offered at the Hospital.

Applications, giving full details of age, qualifications and experience (if any) together with the names and addresses of two referees to be sent to the Medical Superintendent immediately, in an envelope endorsed 'Psychologist'.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

Esso

have a vacancy in their Public Relations Department in London for:

ASSISTANT TO GRAPHICS EDITOR

Applicants should be in their twenties and have experience in creative work such as design, photography or publishing. Imagination, taste, artistic flair and creative ability are essential. The successful candidate will assist the Graphics Editor in the production of all photographic, visual aid and exhibition material. Starting salary will depend on age, experience and qualifications. There is a Contributory Pension Plan and other associated benefits.

Applications in writing, giving full personal details, should be sent to the Manager, Recruitment and Training,

ESSO PETROLEUM COMPANY LIMITED,
16 Charles II St, London, SW1,
quoting reference 502/NS.

NATIONAL COLLEGE FOR TRAINING YOUTH LEADERS

Men and women wishing to train as full-time youth leaders are invited to apply to the Secretary, National College for the Training of Youth Leaders, City of Leicester Education Dept., Newarke St, Leicester, for particulars of the one-year full-time course beginning at Leicester next January.

Applicants should normally be 23 or over and have obtained five passes at Ordinary level in the General Certificate of Education or their equivalent. Experience of work with young people is desirable and may make up for a lack of formal educational qualifications.

Residence will be provided, if required. Grant-aid (calculated according to means) will comprise, at the maximum, free tuition, free term-time residence (or, for day students, a day maintenance grant), and grants for personal and travelling expenses. In addition, students over 25 will normally receive grants for dependants.

CITY of BIRMINGHAM
CHILD CARE OFFICERS

Applications are invited from men and women for the post of Child Care Officer, Grade APT I or APT II according to qualifications and experience.

Applicants possessing the Child Care Officer's Certificate, or having two years' experience and possessing a social science degree or diploma will be appointed on Grade APT II. If, however, only a social science qualification is possessed and experience is less than two years the grade will be APT I with a minimum commencing salary of £670 + £20 Birmingham temporary excess rate: applicants appointed on this grade will be transferred to APT II on completion of two years' experience.

Further details from Children's Officer, 91 Lionel St, Birmingham 3. Closing date for applications—Friday, 21 October 1960.

MID HERTS GROUP HOSPITAL MANAGEMENT COMMITTEE
HIGH WICK
TYTTENHANGER, NEAR ST ALBANS, HERTS

An increase in the establishment enables further applications to be considered for posts as Child Care Workers at this Psychiatric Unit for mentally ill children aged 3-11. Candidates should be prepared to undertake a two-year training course covering the Psychology of Childhood (normal and abnormal). The posts offer unique opportunities for both theoretical and practical training in the care of emotionally disturbed children and there is ample free time for study. Salary £420 x £20(5) – £520 per annum, less £120 for board-lodging. Applications stating age, qualifications and experience, together with the names of two referees to the Secretary, Mid Herts Group Hospital Management Committee, Bleak House, Catherine Street, St Albans.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

BRITISH IRON AND STEEL FEDERATION

Applications are invited for the post of

SENIOR TRANSLATOR

in the Intelligence Department.

Applicants (male, British nationality) should have fluent French and German, and a third language—Russian or Spanish—would be an advantage; overseas experience in the appropriate countries is a most desirable qualification. Some experience of the steel producing or consuming industries would also be an advantage.

The post is a senior one and a salary in line with the responsibilities involved will be paid.

Applications should be made in writing, and should be addressed to:

The Finance and Establishment Department (T6)

British Iron and Steel Federation,
Steel House, Tothill St, London, SW1.

MID HERTS GROUP HOSPITAL MANAGEMENT COMMITTEE
RESIDENT-IN-CHARGE,
HIGH WICK, TYTTENHANGER, NEAR ST ALBANS

Applications are invited from Psychologists, Psychiatric Social Workers, Nurses or persons working in the field of child care to take up residence in charge of a unit for 18 mentally ill children under the clinical direction of a Psychiatrist. Experience with young children essential. Must have an intelligent and informed attitude to the psychiatric problems of such a unit and take an active part in the training of staff. This is interesting work offering a unique opportunity for research.

High Wick is situated in pleasant country approximately 19 miles from London and four miles from St Albans.

Salary according to qualifications and experience, less a charge for board-lodging. Applications with names of two referees to the Secretary, Bleak House, Catherine Street, St Albans, Herts, from whom further details may be obtained, by 30 September 1960.

LIVERPOOL
ASSISTANT TRAINING & FIELD SECRETARY

Liverpool Boys' Association and Liverpool Union of Girls' and Mixed Clubs Joint Training Scheme.

Applications are invited from experienced youth workers, male or female, to assist with the recruitment and training of adult voluntary leaders and helpers for Boys' and Mixed Clubs, commencing salary £600 per annum. Superannuation Scheme. The successful applicant will be required to commence duties on 1 December 1960 or earlier if possible.

Applications, setting out details of experience, accompanied by two recent references and the names and addresses of two referees, to be sent within fourteen days to: The General Secretary, Youth Service Training Centre, 88 Sheil Road, Liverpool, 6.

HILL END HOSPITAL, ST ALBANS

Applications are invited from experienced and qualified Psychiatric Social Workers for the post of Tutor in Social Work at the above Hospital. The successful applicant will be required to draw up a syllabus of training in social work for qualified psychiatric nurses. The purpose of the scheme is to train staff in social service to patients both after a stay in hospital and while attending as out-patients at clinics or day hospital. The salary will be on the scale £845-£1,065 per annum according to experience and Whitley conditions of service will apply. Applications in writing giving age and experience together with the names of two referees to be sent to the Hospital Secretary, Hill End Hospital, St Albans, Herts, as soon as possible.

CHURCH ASSEMBLY BOARD FOR SOCIAL RESPONSIBILITY

Applications are invited from men and women for the full-time post of Secretary to the Board, with the opportunity of stimulating the work and thought of the Church of England in relation to social and industrial problems.

Further particulars may be obtained, not later than 7 October 1960, from the Secretary, Church Assembly, Church House, Dean's Yard, SW1.

WANTED
EX-FIELD MARSHAL,
jungle warfare advantage, to direct
honest citizens' campaign
NOTTING HILL
against crooks, speculators, protection
racketeers. Situation desperate.
Box 7448.

UNIVERSITY of Malaya in Kuala Lumpur. Lecturer in Charge of the Teaching of Philosophy. Applications are invited for appointment to the above post in the University of Malaya in Kuala Lumpur. Candidates must possess an Honours degree in Philosophy and have experience in teaching and research. The post will be tenable for one year in the first instance but may be extended for a further year. Candidates who would like to be considered for secondment should state this in their applications. Overseas candidates will be granted a return passage if appointed. The salary for a Lecturer is £1,148 × £49 - £1,442/£1,540 × £56 - £1,820 p.a. In addition a variable allowance is at present paid at 35% of basic salary, subject to certain maxima, together with expatriation allowance at specified rates. Further particulars and application forms are obtainable from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, WC1. The closing date for the receipt of applications in Kuala Lumpur and London is 22 October 1960.

VICTORIA University of Wellington, New Zealand. Lecturer in Education. Applications are invited for the above-mentioned post. The appointee will be mainly concerned with developing the work of the Department in the field of educational and mental measurement, research methods, and educational statistics. The salary for a lecturer will be £1,250 per annum, rising by annual increments of £75 to £1,700 per annum. The initial salary will be determined according to the qualifications and experience of the appointee. Approved fares to Wellington will be allowed for the appointee, his wife and his dependent children. In addition, actual removal expenses will be allowed within certain limits. Further particulars and information as to the method of application may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, WC1. Applications close, in New Zealand and London, on 1 November 1960.

UNIVERSITY of Durham. King's College, Newcastle upon Tyne, 1. Department of Extra-Mural Studies. The Council of King's College invite applications for the post of Staff Tutor in Economics and Industrial Relations. Knowledge of the social services an advantage. The commencing salary will be determined at a suitable point on the scale £1,050 - £1,850 according to age, qualifications and experience with child allowance and superannuation under FSSU. Forms of application may be obtained from the Director of Extra-Mural Studies, Joseph Cowen House, 153 Barras Bridge, Newcastle upon Tyne 1, to whom they should be returned so as to reach him by 26 November 1960.

UNIVERSITY of Queensland. Lectureship or Senior Lectureship in Education. Applications are invited for the above-mentioned position in the University College of Townsville. Applicants should have qualifications in Educational Psychology and/or History and Philosophy of Education. Teaching experience is essential. The salary for a Senior Lecturer is £A2,520 - £A2,870 and for a Lecturer £A1,830-£A2,330 p.a. Further particulars and application forms should be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, WC1. Applications close, in Australia and London, on 8 October 1960.

BBC requires Producer/Programme Assistant to assist in planning and production of programmes for Schools; in particular, the Schools Religious Service and other religious programmes. Experience in Primary or Secondary Modern Schools desirable. Salary £1,230 (possibly higher if qualifications exceptional) rising by five annual increments to £1,580 max. p.a. Requests for further particulars and application forms (enclosing addressed envelope and quoting reference 60.G.455.N.Stm.) should reach Appointments Officer, Broadcasting House, London, W1, within 5 days.

ASSISTANT Housemothers (not under 19 years) resident, required for interesting work in Children's Homes, with boys and girls aged 5-15 years. Training or experience desirable but not essential. Separate bedroom and good holidays. Minimum salary £32 10s per month rising to £40 less valuation of emoluments. Write: Children's Officer, Essex County Council, 220 London Road, Chelmsford.

TRANSLATOR required with thorough knowledge of French, German and Spanish. The post is in the Export Dept of an old-established Engineering Company in the Shepherds Bush district and applicants should have commercial experience. Write, giving details of age, experience and salary required to Box 7396.

UNIVERSITY of New England, Armidale, New South Wales. Associate Professor of Statistics. Applications are invited from suitably qualified persons for the position of Associate Professor of Statistics in the Faculty of Agricultural Economics. The successful applicant will be responsible for the teaching of statistics to undergraduate and graduate students in Agricultural Economics as well as to some students majoring in economics in the Faculty of Arts. He will be assisted by a Lecturer/Senior Lecturer. Experience in economic statistics is desirable. Salary will be at the rate of £A3,300 per annum plus a cost of living allowance. Provision is made for superannuation, travel and removal expenses, assistance in buying or building a house and travel grants for study leave. Further particulars and information as to the method of application should be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Sq, London, WC1. Applications close, in Australia and London, on 11 Nov. 1960.

THE United Liverpool Hospitals. Applications are invited for the post of Psychologist (probationer). Candidates must have a first or second class honours degree in Psychology of a University in the British Isles or a qualification approved by the Minister of Health. The appointment will be to The United Liverpool Hospitals which comprises the undergraduate medical teaching hospitals associated with the University of Liverpool but the duties will be mainly concerned with the Department of Psychological Medicine at the Royal Liverpool Children's Hospital and will include in-patient work in the hospital's two branches, in Liverpool and at Heswall. Candidates will receive training under a comprehensive scheme lasting three years or less if they already have appropriate experience. This will include formal lectures, in-patient and out-patient experience with both children and adults, and opportunities to complete a piece of research. The scheme will be under the supervision of a Clinical Psychologist (Top Grade) who will have charge of the Board's psychological services. At the conclusion of the training period candidates will be eligible for appointment to a post of Clinical Psychologist. The salary scale for a probationer is £580 x £25 (4)-£680 (the starting salary varies according to experience). The post is superannuable and Whitley Council conditions of service apply. Further details will be provided on request. Applications giving details of age, qualifications and experience and the names of three persons to whom reference may be made should reach the Secretary, 80 Rodney Street, Liverpool 1 by 31 October 1960.

CITY of Birmingham. Public Health Department. Psychiatric Social Worker or social worker with casework experience required at Parent Guidance Clinic for work with under school age children showing behaviour problems. Salary scale as prescribed by appropriate Whitley Council. Medical exam. Pension Scheme. Further information from and applications to Medical Officer of Health, Council House, Congreve St., Birmingham 3.

EAST Sussex Education Committee. Child Guidance Service. Applications are invited for the post of Psychiatric Social Worker at the Bexhill Child Guidance Clinic. Candidates should hold the Mental Health Certificate of a recognised training course. Salary in accordance with the Whitley Council Professional and Technical Council 'A' Scale. Further particulars and applicn forms obtainable from Chief Education Officer, County Hall, Lewes, Sussex.

LONDON County Council. A vacancy will shortly arise for an Area Children's Officer in the Children's Department, and applications are accordingly invited from persons suitably qualified and experienced. Candidates should possess an appropriate academic qualification in social science; a good knowledge and experience of social work in urban conditions, particularly in connection with deprived children and young persons and their families; and be capable of directing and organising the field work of professional case-workers and administrative and clerical staff. The person appointed would be responsible for one of the 9 areas of London from which the department's day-to-day field work is carried out. This involves preventive case-work, Court work, reception-into-care, the placing of children, boarding out, adoption, rehabilitation, after-care, the assessment of parental contributions and the training of staff. The area, for reception purposes, would cover two or more Metropolitan boroughs, but children under supervision are placed in establishments and foster homes outside, as well as within London. £1,120 x 50-1,170 x 55-1,280 x 50-£1,380 (subject to review), plus allowance of £69 (£103 10s in certain areas). Further details from the Children's Officer (EI/NS/2375/9), County Hall, SE1.

DEPUTY warden—male—for resident post in experimental hostel for ESN boys (school leavers). Blackheath. Salary scale £650 x £25-£750 less £125 for board/lodging plus £40 p.a. for approved qualifications. Further details and application forms from Residential Services Department, National Association for Mental Health, 39 Queen Anne St, London, W1.

BBC requires Arab Assistant in its Arabic Service to compile and edit a fortnightly programme publication in Arabic and other publicity material for printing or broadcast. Qualifications: experience in journalism and/or publishing, first class knowledge of classical Arabic, good knowledge of English and ability to write well in Arabic for general publicity purposes. Knowledge and experience of proof-reading, printing and magazine layout an advantage. Salary £1,230 (possibly higher if qualifications exceptional) rising by five annual increments to £1,580 max. p.a. Requests for application forms (enclosing addressed envelope and quoting reference 60.G.468.N.Stm) should reach Appointments Officer, Broadcasting House, London, W1, within five days.

HOUSEMASTER (resident, married or single) required as result of recently authorised staff increase to make up complement of eight at Stamford House, Lond., W12, a remand home and classifying centre for 100 boys under 16 years. Four Groups (two of 30 boys and two of 20) physically separate except at assembly and meals, will each be supervised by housemasters with supporting staff. Successful candidate will be member of team of specialists engaged on assessment and allocation of boys committed to approved schools and in producing reports for courts on boys remanded. Boys spend normal school hours in education department. Duties include liaison with probation officers, welfare officers, etc. and co-operation with psychologists, psychiatric social workers and psychiatrists. Opportunity of contact with approved schools in central and southern England. Comparable experience (preferably in approved schools) essential; degree/diploma in sociology/social science or Home Office Child Care Certificate an advantage. Salary within scale £675 - £980 less £138 for suitable accommodation and board etc. 8 weeks leave including Bank Holidays. Apply Children's Officer (WDO/NS/2349/9), LCC, County Hall, SE1.

VACANCY for teacher or student teacher in small country boarding school Scotland. Woodwork, science or music a recommendation but genuine interest in educational work essential. Couple considered. Box 7347.

TWO assistants required for welfare organisation, one to take charge of office and one for interviewing and case-work. Ability to type essential. Must be good organisers. Progressive salaries. Apply in writing to the Secretary, Lewisham Old People's Welfare Association, Council Offices, Canadian Avenue, SE6.

JOINT Appointment (Resident). Required 1 October 1960, married Housemaster for group of boys 11-16 in large mixed Home. Wife to act as Assistant Housemistress. Preference given to holder of the Home Office Certificate in Child Care or similar qualification. Man free during school hours to undertake part-time teaching or other occupation. Proficiency in Art, Music, Craft, PT or Games an advantage. Salary according to qualifications and experience. Superann. Fund and limited railway privileges. Apply in writing, with names of referees, to Secretary - Manager, St Christopher's, Ashbourne Road, Derby.

NURSERY Deputy Head. Deputy Superintendent (resident) required at Nanhurst a residential training nursery near Cranleigh, Surrey, for 70 children 0-7 years, deprived of normal home life. Previous residential experience essential and some nursing qualifications desirable. £565-£640 (under review) less £138 for board, lodging and laundry. 6 weeks leave including Bank Holidays. Apply Children's Officer (WDO/NS/2348/9), LCC, County Hall, SE1.

LECTURING Staff (Assistants, Grade B): War Department. Posts for men: (a) 1 at REME Training Centre, Arborfield to teach electrical engineering (including electronics or light current subjects); (b) 2 at Army Apprentices School, Harrogate (to teach electrical engineering); (c) 2 at Army Apprentices School, Chepstow (to teach building or electrical engineering (power production, not electronics)); (d) 1 at Army Apprentices School, Arborfield (to teach electronics). Qualifications: University degree, HNC, or equivalent in appropriate subject. Teaching experience desirable. For post (d) practical experience in radar, telecommunications, computing, electronic control, or measurements essential. Burnham Scales for Institutions of Further Education. Post (a) carries an allowance of £115 p.a. Write Civil Service Commission, 17 North Audley Street, London, W1, for application form quoting S/5202/60. Closing date 20 October 1960.

MASS-Observation would like to hear from Psychologists interested in depth interviewing and analysis. Occasional assignments. Details qualifications/experience to 148 Cromwell Rd, London, SW7.

SUB-Editor (woman) required by weekly technical journal. Good standard education essential (University graduate preferred). Typing and shorthand required, and some Press experience desirable. Starting salary £850 p.a. Apply, with details of qualifications, to Box 253, Charles Sell Advtg. 67 Clerkenwell Rd, London, EC1.

Facts can set them free . . .

Indifference condemns epileptics to a life of deprivation and isolation. Sheer, callous indifference to the facts. For medical science has proved beyond any shadow of doubt that the vast majority of the 250,000 epileptics in our midst could lead happy, useful lives . . . if society would let them.

As a humane and thoughtful person you owe it to yourself to seek the answers to these pressing and perplexing questions. What *is* epilepsy? Can it be controlled? What should you do if someone has a grand mal fit? What is the basis of the cruel discrimination which stops epileptics getting jobs or making friends or having any faith in the future? What is being done to help them?

We are not asking for money but for something epileptics need even more—your active sympathy and interest. Write for the free booklet which tells you the facts. Then you will be able to speak with authority and bring the better future nearer for epileptics.

Please . . . write today. The British Epilepsy Association Dept. NS.5, 27 Nassau Street, London, W.1.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

THE Scientific Civil Service needs men and women for pensionable posts as (a) Senior Scientific Officers and (b) Scientific Officers in all major scientific fields, including physics, engineering, chemistry, meteorology, mathematics and biological subjects. Age limits: (a) at least 26 and under 32, (b) at least 21 and under 29. Extension for regular Forces service and Overseas Civil Service. Qualifications: normally first or second class honours degree in science, mathematics or engineering, or equivalent attainment; additionally for (a), at least 3 years' relevant (e.g. postgraduate) experience. Selection by interview. London salaries (men): (a) £1,330-£1,640, (b) £730-£1,205; provision for starting pay above minimum. Promotion prospects. Write Civil Service Commission, 17 North Audley Street, London, W1 for application form, quoting (a) S/53/60, (b) S/52/60.

EDITORIAL Assistant wanted for Zurich. The Editor of 'Who's Who in Graphic Art' requires further highly qualified editorial assistant for temporary period of about six months as from 1 October for compiling biographies, editing outlines on art subjects, proof reading etc. Reading knowledge of French and/or German of advantage. Apply with full particulars to Walter Amstutz, Graphis Press, Nüschelerstrasse 45, Zurich.

THE Workers' Educational Association, West Midland District. Applications are invited from graduates for the post of Organising-Tutor in North Warwickshire. Salary scale (at present under revision) £650-£1,200 p.a. Details and application forms (please enclose s.a.e.) from D. M. Buckingham, BA, WEA Office, 19 Calthorpe Road, Birmingham 15. Closing date for receipt of applications 7 October 1960.

FAMILY Caseworker required. Social Science certificate or relevant qualification and good experience essential. Some experience in training students desirable. interesting and varied case load. Salary scale commencing at £610 according to qualification and experience. Application giving full details to Secretary, Personal Service Society, 34 Stanley St, Liverpool 1.

ASSISTANT House Mother required for small voluntary children's home in Jordans, Bucks. 8 children aged 6-14 in need of care & protection. Gd salary. Apply Mrs. Redpath, Melgan, Jordans, Bucks.

WARDEN (woman) required for Hostel for Blind, London. Candidates must have had good experience of this type of work, but not necessarily with blind people. Salary according to qualifications and experience. Apply in writing giving full particulars to Secretary-General, Royal National Institute for the Blind, 224 Gt Portland Street, London, W1.

MAINTENANCE-Handyman wanted at small boarding school for maladjusted boys. Accom. for single man. Married man would have to make own arrangements. Five weeks' holiday. Pay according to experience. Apply by letter only to Warden, Bodenham Manor, Hereford.

IS there an artist who would take 2 hrs. p.w. art lessons in Girls' Prep. School in Midlands, and small amount of supervision duties in exchange for board and lodging, use of studio, and small salary? Rural but near town. Box 7354.

FULL-time and part-time teacher of Shorthand/Typewriting wanted by West End School. Box 7227.

HOW do I love thee, money, let me count the ways. You, too? Then investigate one of the unusually well-paid sales openings in our American firm presenting a first-rate children's educational program to US military families in Europe. Seriously interested? Please send résumé with inquiry to Box 6125.

RADIO & Electrical retail business of good standing NW London; requires (a) TV service engineer, (b) Electrician, (c) Trainee for electrical work; able to drive. Gd prospects for keen capable men. State age & details of career. Box 7481.

NURSE (SRN or SEN) wanted for Jewish Old Age Home in Hampstead Garden Suburb. Salary Whitley Scale or higher. Excellent accommodation and every comfort provided. Replies to Association of Jewish Refugees, 8 Fairfax Mansions, London, NW3.

HOUSEKEEPER reqd for Jewish Old Age Home in London suburb. Excellent remuneration & accomm. Box 7147.

RESPONSIBLE and interesting job for Socialist shorthand-typist. Four weeks' holiday, friendly colleague in small office, £9 to start. Apply General Secretary, Fabian Society, 11 Dartmouth St, SW1.

SHORTHAND or Copy Typist for interesting and varied work in a political research department. Five-day week. LV's. Salary according to age and experience. Phone or write: Co-operative Party, 54 Victoria Street, London, SW1 (VICtoria 7402).

ROYAL National Institute for the Blind has interesting post involving Staff and Committee work for well-educated Secretary Shorthand/Typist. Good salary. Luncheon vouchers. 9-5.15. No Sats. Pension & Life Assurance Scheme. Write particulars of age and experience to Staff Secretary, 224 Gt Portland St, W1.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

PRIVATE Secretary required for Senior Executive. The work is of a highly confidential nature, and requires a person able to deal with private correspondence and telephone calls with diplomacy and tact. This calls for a high degree of initiative and commonsense. Hours 9-5.30. 3 weeks' holiday with pay. Canteen facilities, and social club. Apply: Secretary, Carnegies of Welwyn Ltd, Tewin Road, Welwyn Garden City, Herts.

SECRETARY required by Managing Director of West End exporters. Good speeds necessary. Commencing salary £700 p.a. 5-day week. Non-contributory pension scheme. LV's. Write Box 7335.

SEC. to Managing Director W1 film co., aged 26/34. Sal. £13/£14. Portman Bureau, 78 George St, W1. HUN. 0676.

ENTERPRISING young woman, 18-25, prepared for really hard work and responsibility, wanted in expanding concern dealing with international hospitality. Excellent memory, sense of humour and some knowledge of typing and French essential. Other languages useful. Write: EFA, 1 New Burlington Street, London, W1.

SECRETARY/shorthand-typist. Experience Committee work and Minutes an advantage. Welfare work for aged. Five-day week, Jewish and National holidays. Apply stating full particulars: The Jewish Friendship Clubs Organisation, 291 Grays Inn Road, WC1.

GOOD typist required (no shorthand) for varied work including transcribing from simple recorder for which tuition will be given. Excellent conditions, congenial staff, 5-day week. Office hard by Victoria Station. Please ring Electrical Industries Benevolent Association, SLOane 9811.

PART-time priv. sec. wtd 9-11 a.m. daily. Interesting varied work, possibilities, permanent. Nr Baker St. WEL. 1906.

SECRETARY S/t. 20/25 for advertising agency. £12/£13. Mina Ash Bureau, 19 Conduit St, W1. HYD. 1738.

BOOK and Greeting Card shop requires part-time assistant for Christmas trade. West End. Box 7484.

JUNIOR clerk (female) required for Trade Union Head Office. Progressive salary scale – 5-day week. Apply in writing: Guild of Insurance Officials, 24 Railway Approach, London Bridge, SE1.

PUBLISHING and Advertising Secretarial posts. Mayfair Staff Selection Bureau, 5a Princes St, Hanover Sq. W1 (opp. Dickins & Jones). HYD. 6471.

EDITOR of expanding provincial newspaper requires bright young man as confidential secretary prepared to work unconventional hours if necessary. Knowledge of journalism not essential. Must be able to drive. Box 7384.

A1 Office Service, 213/4 Piccadilly, W1. REG. 7555. Duplicating, Permanent/Temporary Staff Specialists, Translations.

CONFUSION in the Congo but stability and security in London with a good job through The Winifred Johnson Office Staff Bureau, 114 Holborn, EC1 (next door to Gamages). HOLborn 0390.

ADVERTISING photographer (London) sks part-time secretary with suitable experience. Work fr. own home. Box 7398

EXPERIENCED Shorthand Typists reqd. Able to use initiative. £10 15s. Five day week. Fire Brigades Union, 865 Fulham Road, SW6.

FASHION model/receptionist required to demonstrate outsize younger set dresses. Age 19-23. Urgent. Box 7369.

COMPANION/secretary (male) required: driving licence for car and m/c. (if possible). Box 7413.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

BAKER St. Best office posts at Aster Agy, 231 Baker St, NW1. WEL. 3582.

APPOINTMENTS WANTED

EDUCATED person seeks work with 1 or 2 children. Some experience with and great interest in mentally handicapped ones. Box 7344.

CAPABLE person used to responsibility seeks appointment as personal assistant Newcastle-upon-Tyne. Experienced Trade Union business and professional matters, organisation of conferences, lectures, etc. Catering and hotel management. Car, dictaphone and typewriter owner. All replies acknowledged. Box 7458.

OXFORD Arts graduate, 28, 3 years' experience in commerce seeks interesting, responsible post with prospects, pref. involving travel abroad. Box 7374.

FOOD AND DRINK

This Week at Harveys

THE YEAR OF YEARS
IN ALSACE WINES

1959 is acknowledged by all who know and love Alsatian wines to be the supreme vintage year of this century. The last time Alsace wines of this outstanding excellence were produced was in 1893. Enjoy these wines now as such an opportunity may not occur again in our lifetime.

Harveys can offer you a 1959 Sylvaner for as little as 10s. 6d. a bottle. This wine has been most carefully chosen. It is young, of course, but this is the best way to drink it. You will find it has a delightful freshness and a touch of that captivating 'petillance' which is a characteristic of some of the wines of the district. This Sylvaner is ideal for serving with fish, poultry and other light dishes. On a hot day it makes a delicious aperitif.

As with all good things, our stock of 1959 Sylvaner is small. It is therefore advisable to obtain a few bottles before the opportunity is lost for ever.

1959 SYLVANER 10s. 6d. a bottle
Also highly recommended:
Traminer 1959 13s. 6d. a bottle
Gewurztraminer 1959
Grand Cru 16s. 6d. a bottle

Any selection of six bottles or more will be sent free of carriage charges.

Obtainable from:
JOHN HARVEY & SONS LTD,
Harvey House, Dept B,
12 Denmark Street, Bristol, 1
or
Harvey House, Dept B,
40 King Street, London, SW1.

SCHOOLS

FARMHOUSE School, Wendover, Bucks. situated in beautiful Chiltern countryside. A boarding and day school with a practical approach to educ. where girls run their own farm and take grammar school subjects to GCE levels. Wendover 2297.

RUDOLF Steiner Schools Fellowship. Education for children from the Nursery to University Entrance Information regarding the educational work of Rudolf Steiner Schools, reference books, availability of Lecturers, etc., obtainable from Sec., Wynstones School, Waddon, Glos

MONKTON Wyld School, Charmouth, Dorset, school farm. TT cows. All-round practical & cultural educ. for boys & girls 9-18 Princs: Carl & Eleanor Urban

BURGESS Hill School at High Canons, Well End, Barnet. Freedom and self-government. Boarders and day children. Boys & girls 7-18 years. ELStree 5560.

THIS COULD BE YOU!

Nearly eight years ago E.J.W. was a young man of 26 who applied to us for a position. He was a qualified Cost and Works Accountant and we engaged him because we judged him to be the type of man we wanted, with a strong ambition to make something of his life, a real zest for work, wisdom and the ability to succeed in a selling and consultative capacity.

WE WERE RIGHT

In January 1958 E.J.W. was appointed a zone manager with earnings well over four times the annual salary he started with in 1952 – a good salary by the way.

A year ago he was appointed Sales Manager of an important new division while a young Chartered Accountant (J.G.) who joined us less than seven years ago stepped into the vacant zone management position.
These men and many others are pointing the way – maybe to your success.

If you are like E.J.W. and J.G. (and approximately the same age as they were when they joined) you will certainly succeed in our Company and we would very much like to hear from you. Opportunities are available throughout the United Kingdom. You should send details of your education and career to:-

Personnel Manager – Marketing
BURROUGHS ADDING MACHINE LIMITED
Avon House, 356/366 Oxford Street, London, W1.

LECTURE CRSES, etc.—contd from p.456

IT'S fun – and profitable! If you like to draw, invest in the Famous Artists Home Study Art Course. The brilliant instruction you will receive from these famous artists, in the comfort of your own home, will ensure your success. Let us assess your ability. Send for free Talent Test to Famous Artist Schools, 17 Westport, Godalming.

BRAZILIAN/Portuguese courses commencing 3 October 1960. Beginners and intermediate grades. Sponsored by Brazilian Govt Trade Bureau. Full details from Principal, Language Tuition Centre, 26-32 Oxford Street, W1.

RUSSIAN: Beginners' 18-Lesson Postal Course with individual tutorial help, £3. Write to Dept VH7, Wolsey Hall, Oxford. (Est. 1894).

RUSSIAN Language & Literature. Native graduate tutor. Experienced prep. all exams espec. Degree. Box 7101.

LANGUAGE Tuition Centre. School of Foreign Languages, School of English for Foreign Nationals Students' Club, 26-32 Oxford Street. LANgham 1005. All foreign languages in day and evng classes or private lessons, beginners & all grades. Daily classes in English and prep for Cambridge Univ. Certificates. Short or long courses. Enrolment daily. Prospectus free.

SPANISH conversation. Special week-end crses: idioms, pronunciation, with tape recorders. Academia Britanica, 35 Endell St, London, WC2. TEM. 2202.

RUSSIAN Conversation: practice in spoken Russian, also Beginners' Class, starting 26 Sept. Apply for details to SCR, 14 Kensington Sq, W8 (encl. s.a.e.).

ITALIAN lessons by expd native teacher. Speedy results gteed. Box 7428.

TOUCH-typing and/or Pitman's Shorthand. Private tuition. BAYswater 1786.

INSTITUTO de España, 102 Eaton Sq, SW1 Term commences 10 October. Classes and lectures on Spanish language, literature and culture. Library of over 11.000 vols. Courses at the Spanish Universities. For full detls apply to Secretary, SLO. 8381

TUITION by Post for GCE Lond. Univ. Degrees, Diplomas, Law, Profess exams. Mod. fees. Prosp. (mention exam.) from E. W. Shaw Fletcher, CBE, LLB, Dept VH91, Wolsey Hall, Oxford. (Est. 1894).

SECRETARIAL Training especially for university graduates, and older students six-month and intensive 14-week courses. Write Organising Secy, Davies's, 158 Holland Park Ave. W11. PARk 4654.

HIGHLY qualified piano teacher, former professor Vienna Academy, accepts beginner and advanced pupils. HEN. 9755.

PAINTING as a Pastime, Mary Law, exhibitor at the RA and Paris Salon. Small classes. Phone WIL. 6025.

FOR Yoga classes and correspondence course, please write to the Yoga Centre, 13 Hampstead Hill Gdns, NW3.

TYPING AND TRANSLATIONS

MRS Jolly will type or duplicate it for you. 26 Charing Cross Rd. TEM. 5588.

DUPLICATING, shorthand, typing (tapes, etc.), private lessons shorthand/typing. Mabel Eyles, 10 Beaconsfield Road, Friern Barnet, N11. ENT. 3324.

JAY Cory for all typing, duplicating. Bills/Quantity Parliament Mansions, Abbey Orchard St, SW1. ABBey 2354/5817

MANUSCRIPTS typed. Pat Johnson, 12 Bournemouth Rd, SW19. CHE. 2107.

ANY typing at home by expert sh.-typist. MSS, etc. POL. 7344.

TYPING, Duplicating. Inexpen. Russell, RIC. 3070. 22 The Avenue, Kew Gdns.

JEAN McDougall for typing, translations. 24-hour duplicating service 31 Kensington Church St, W8. WES. 5809

OUR Service – any job at any time. Duplicating, Typing, Translns, all secretarial work, 24 hr service. Personal attn. Isle Agency, 76c Rochester Row, SW1. VIC. 7333.

STELLA Fisher Secretariat Ltd, 436 Strand, WC2. TEMple Bar 6644 Typewriting, Duplicating, Translations

HOLIDAY TRAVEL

AUTUMN AND WINTER HOLIDAYS

We have a variety of holidays for you to choose from:
AUTUMN ARRANGEMENTS on the Continent or in Britain;
WINTER SUNSHINE HOLIDAYS:
WINTER SPORTS (Free Holiday for Private Party Organisers).
ERNA LOW
47 (NS) Old Brompton Rd, SW7.
KEN. 8881-2.

MOSCOW in November: Will readers interested visit USSR November both ways by boat Moscow Celebrations, total tour 18 days approx. £65. Write immediately BSFS, 36 Spencer St, EC1.

PROTRAVEL have something for everyone. Write now for your copy of our 1960 booklet 'Better Holidays', Protravel (NS), 12 Gt Castle St, Oxford Circus, W1 (behind Peter Robinson). LAN. 3101.

PERSONAL

FOSTER Home required in Hampshire or neighbouring counties for Jean aged nearly 14. An interesting character, good intelligence with some talent in art and verbal expression; pleasant appearance and manners. This girl has had a very difficult home life and is now in a Children's Home. She has great need of a normal home with the companionship of intelligent adults and young people older than herself. A home with young children not recommended. A boarding out allowance will be paid. Please apply: The County Children's Officer, The Castle, Winchester.

SEASIDE home offered to child for winter months in coastal village, every care. 3½ gns per week. Mrs Ambrose, The Ferns, Dunwich, Saxmundham, Suffolk.

NS writer reqs foreign live-in nursemaid; near London. Box 7404.

GIRL student would exchange rm (bath, cooking) Paris, whenever wtd, against similar London Jan., May 1961. Box 7441.

SOUTH of France, quiet picturesque village; to let s/c accom., mod. comf. 3 gns. per week. Box 7437.

PROPRIETOR of small hotel Devon wishes take holiday mid. Oct. to end Nov. hopes find someone in exchange accommodation and much free time would take charge (hotel closed and two on staff left). Some knowledge of book-keeping and driving car essential. Phone HAM. 5688.

TEACHER qual. in 'Remedial Maths' wtd by normal boy 13½ for individl tuition during Christmas holidays. Box 7420.

SOS. Three of Mr Brooke's victims, young couple and old ginger cat, appeal to non-money-grabbing landlords for an unfurn. garden flat in London area. Will pay reasonable f. and f. up to £6 p.w. Box 7364.

STUDIO potter and wife want someone to help housekeep and look after Carey age 3½ (at nursery school), Paul age 2. No further help kept—no TV—not £8 a week, but interesting full life living as family; own room, reasonable wage. Moon, 81 High St, Henley-in-Arden, Warcs.

EDUCATED girl with son of 3 wants accom. in exchange services. Box 7194.

VIENNA. Professional woman offers room, breakfast, supper, use of bath, tel.; A. sch. 1,500 per mth. German taught against Engl. conv. if reqd. Refs. Sokal, Thomas-Muenzergasse 27, Wien X.

LADY amateur cellist Kensington desires to meet musicians high standard view to forming permanent quartet. Box 7391.

DO you eat on Yom Kippur? Work on Rosh Hashana? You're between 20 and 35, and would like to meet others of sim. lack of conviction? Write Box 7397.

MINIATURE Painter. From any Photo & Colours. 4 x 3. 5 gns. Cyrille, Filey.

EXPERIMENTAL Youth Project (not clubs) London. Young woman reqd: 20 hrs wkly, inclg 4 evngs. Sal. £400 p.a. Write stating exp. and quals to Box 7342.

POLITICALLY frustrated? Send s a e for details of progressive party now in formative stage Box 6322

FRANCE. Excellent families personally visited and recommended will receive English boys or girls as paying guests Christmas, term-time. Further details from Junior Tourism, 47 Redington Rd, NW3.

THERE is no winter in Malaga. For a unique holiday rent a furn. villa with domestic help from Transvilla, 18 High St, Beckenham, Kent. BECkenham 3666.

BRITISH Association Granada Lectures. A limited number of tickets are still available for the first of this year's lectures, to be given in the Guildhall, London, at 8.30 p.m. on Tuesday, 27 September, by Professor George Beadle of The Institute of Technology, California. Apply immediately to BA Granada Lectures, 36 Golden Square, W1. Requests will be dealt with in strict rotation.

ICA, 17 Dover St, W1. Join now, entrance fee suspended until 30 September. Enquiries invited about the Weekend visit to Paris, 28-31 October.

DISCUSSION Groups, conferences, theatre, sunbathing, poetry and painting among friendly members of the Progressive League (N3), 20 Buckingham Street, WC2

WHY Worry? Convert all your wasted energy into constructive action. Eliminate Fear, Depression and Worry with Pelmanism, you will then accomplish so much that you will have nothing to worry about. Write for free copy of 'The Science of Success' which fully describes the Course. Pelman Institute, 67 Norfolk Mansions, Wigmore St, London W1. WEL. 1411

UNIVERSITY Women's Club, 2 Audley Sq. W1 has a few vacancies for town members. Apply the Secretary.

FOREIGN Languages on Records Visaphone French, German, Russian (soon) £8 11s. Interpret Holiday Courses £3 12s. Interphone 'Lightning' Conversational Courses French, Italian, Spanish, German 37s. Free Trial – No Deposit. Details from: BBS Ltd (Dept NS), 10 Bayley St, London, WC1. MUS. 7223.

POEMS wanted: send with s.a.e.: Arcadian Agency, Egremont, Cumberland.

PERSONAL—continued

PROLONGED illness forces sale; all under ½ cost & in gd cond. Lec Coronet frig. £20, Berry Magicole 2-bar fire £6, Swan copper elec. kettle £2, 38 piece canteen Ryals cutlery £4, LP records. LAN. 2149.

QUIET young man (24) with typewriter, full notebooks and reams of blank paper, seeks cottage, pref. coastal (Devon/Cornwall ideal). Nov-March inc. in exchange digging, [illegible]nting etc. (exp.) and/or microscop[illegible]at. Box 7492.

DOES anyone need help indoors or out? Advertiser willing give 30 hrs wkly. Small sal. Accom. separate pref. Box 7442.

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BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS

'WHICH?' The September issue includes factual reports on washing machines, hair colour restorers and roof insulation, based on independent tests. 'Which?' is published monthly by the Consumers' Association on annual subscription only £1 to Dept 6, 333 High Holborn, London, WC1.

JOHN Campbell writes on 'The Space Drive Problem' in October's 'Analog' (Astounding) Science Fact & Fiction. Isaac Asimov writes on Einstein's equation e equals mc² in October's 'Fantasy' & Science Fiction. 2s. each from newsagents, or direct (plus 4d. postage) from Atlas Publishing & Distributing Co. Ltd, 18 Bride Lane, London, EC4.

SHORT Stories, up to 4,000 words, wanted by 'Transatlantic Review', the new literary quarterly. No. 4 now on sale at all booksellers includes stories by Vance Bourjaily, William Goyen, Malcolm Bradbury, Pierre Gascar, etc.; a play by Muriel Spark; an interview with Gore Vidal; poetry by John Coleman, Jack Carey, Richard Eberhart, Barbara Guest, etc. 160 pp. 6s. net. Annual subscription £1. Editorial Offices: Flat 1, 33 Ennismore Gardens, SW7.

'WHEN We Renounce Nuclear Weapons', a pamphlet by Frank Beswick, offering answers to questions about neutralism, NATO, tactical A Bombs, and a practical peace policy. 1s. (1s. 4d. post free) from LCS Political Committee, 348 Gray's Inn Road, WC1.

THE Linguist, the language monthly, contains 'Typical Conversations' in seven languages, including Russian, 'Translator's Commentaries', Pages for Practice, etc. £1 yearly. Spec. copy 1s. 6d. from The Linguist, 20 Grosvenor Place, SW1.

RECORDS Magazine – is the best guide to the world's best recordings: 24 pages of news, features, colour portraits. Year's post free subscription 8s. 6d. from newsagents and record shops or direct: 9 Albert Embankment, London, SE11.

'A & N' The Library Service which provides the latest books reviewed and advertised in these columns promptly and at reasonable charges anywhere in Great Britain. Free prospectus from Army & Navy Stores, Westminster, SW1

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UNITY. EUS. 5391. 'Lady Audley's Secret' and Old Time Music Hall. Fri., Sat., Sun. 7.45. Mems.

CONCERTS

ROYAL FESTIVAL HALL
MONDAY 3 OCTOBER at 8 p.m.
SCHOENBERG'S
VIOLIN CONCERTO
First London performance
Symphony No. 6 in C, Schubert
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MARIE COLLIER
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PAUL ROBESON at St Pancras Town Hall Concert Wed, 28 Sept. at 7 pm. Tickets 5s., 7s. 6d., 10s. from West Indian Gazette, 250 Brixton Rd. BRIxton 1754.

ENTERTAINMENTS

ACADEMY (GER 2981) Morning Shows daily 11 a.m. (Ex. Suns). Comédie Française in Le Mariage de Figaro (A).

EVERYMAN, HAM. 1525. Films by Nouvelle Vague directors. Until 25 Sept.: Claude Chabrol's 'Les Cousins' (X). From 26 Sept.: Alain Resnais' 'Hiroshima Mon Amour' (X).

CHINA'S 11th Anniversary Celebrations. Artistes: Sybil Thorndike, Hedli Anderson, Susanna Slivko, Dorita y Pepe, Lee Soo Bee; also 'Who Was Lindley?' Dramatic script for 7 voices; Guest of Honour, Huan Hsiang, Charge d'Affaires of the People's Republic of China. St Pancras Town Hall, Sunday 2 Oct., 7.30. Tkts: 3s. 6d., 5s., 7s. 6d. All seats reserved. Apply BCFA, 228 Grays Inn Rd, WC1.

ENTERTAINMENTS—continued

COME and Dance with Central London Fabian Society at 'The Orange Tree' opposite Euston Square Station, Sat. 24 Sept., 7.30 p.m.-11 p.m. Tickets 5s.

EXHIBITIONS

GANYMED Greeting Cards. Series of 17th Century Calligraphic Designs, Bewick wood engravings, Dürer drawings and reproductions from Ganymed prints. all 1s. 6d. each. Leaflet from 11 Great Turnstile, WC1.

JOHN Whibley Gallery. 60 George St, W1. Paintings by Nessler, 20 Sept. till 8 Oct.

ICA, 17 Dover St. W1. Matter Painting until 22 October. Daily 10-6. Saturdays 10-1. Admission 1s. Members free.

ZWEMMERS, 26 Litchfield St, WC2. Paintings 1959-60 Derrick Greaves. Until 14 Oct.

KAPLAN Gallery, 6 Duke Street, St James's, SW1. Anthony Harrison – Paintings. Opening 28 September. Daily 10-6. Sats 10-1.

BRIGHTON. Royal Pavilion. Regency Exhibition. State and Private Apartments fully furnished. Original furniture from Buckingham Palace. Dolphin Furniture from the Admiralty. Unpublished letters of Geo. IV. Open 10 to 8 daily including Sundays. Exhibition closes Sunday, 2 October. Winter Exhibition commences Monday, 3 October.

CANALETTO Gallery – converted barge moored on Grand Union Canal facing 60 Blomfield Rd. W9 Tube: Warwick Ave. Abstracts & Waterways by Harry Gordon. Until 28 Sept Every day 11 a.m.-9 p.m.

HANOVER Gallery, 32a St George St, W1. Henry Mundy – Paintings & Gouaches. Until 30 Sept. Daily 10-5.30. Sats 10-1.

JAMES McNeill Whistler. Arts Council Gallery. 4 St James's Square, SW1. Closes tomorrow. Fri. Sat. 10-6. Admission 1s. 6d.

WADDINGTON Galleries. Adam Tessier: Sculpture. 10-6. Sats. 10-1. 2 Cork Street, W1.

QUEENSWOOD Gallery, 214 Archway Rd, N6. Henry Sanders. Till 12 Oct. (closed 23 Sept. and 1 Oct.). Daily 10-5.30, Thurs. 10-1. Sat. 10-7.

NATIONAL Exhibition of Children's Art, Royal Institute Galleries, 195 Piccadilly, W1. 10 a.m. to 7 p.m. Mon. to Sat., until 30 Sept. Adm. 1s., children 6d. Organised by the Sunday Pictorial.

IVEAGH Bequest, Kenwood Exhibitions; 'Francis Hayman, RA (1708-1776)' and 'Gold and Silver Plate from Goldsmiths' Hall'. Admission free. Weekdays 10-6. Sunday 2-6. 210 bus from Archway or Golders Green stations.

MOLTON Gallery. Avinash Chandra – Paintings. 7 September – 1 October. 44 South Molton Street, W1. Daily 10-6. Sats 10-1.

REDFERN Gallery, 20 Cork Street, W1. Recent Paintings and Watercolours by Alan Reynolds. Hours 10-6 pm. Sat. 10-1 p.m. Exhibition closes 30 Sept.

ST George's Gallery Prints. Brian Perrin etchings of Welsh Landscape with associated drawings. 6-30 September. 7 Cork St, W1. REG. 3660. Wkly 10-6, Sats 10-1.

WELLCOME Historical Medical Museum. The Wellcome Building, Euston Road, NW1. Portraits of Fellows of the Royal Society, 1660-1680, Electricity in the Service of Medicine and other exhibitions. Mon.-Fri., 10-5. Adm. Free

WOODSTOCK Gallery, 16 Woodstock Street, W1. MAYfair 4419. Jeannette Jackson. Andal. Recent Paintings and Drawings. 12 Sept. to 1 Oct. Daily 10.30-6. Sats 10.30-1.

NUDES of Jean Straker – Photography. 12-9. 5s. Visual Arts, 12 Soho Sq, W1.

ROLAND, Browse & Delbanco, 19 Cork Street, W1, Pajetta & Bernard Dunstan: Recent paintings. (Weekdays 10-5.30, Saturdays 10-1).

THE Crafts Centre of Great Britain—Lithographs by the Senefelder Group of Artist Lithographers. Until 29 Oct. Mon.-Fri. 10-5; Sat. 10-12.30. Admn free.

EXHIBITIONS—continued

WHITECHAPEL Art Gallery: Prunella Clough: a retrospective exhibition of paintings and drawings 1946-1960. Weekdays 11-6; Sundays 2-6; closed Mondays. Adm. free. Adjoins Aldgate East Stn.

DRIAN Gallery, 7 Porchester Place. Marble Arch, W2. 23 Sept.-11 Oct.: Paintings by Neiman. 10-6.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS

SOUTH AFRICA'S LEADERS UNITE
HEAR THEIR POLICY AGAINST APARTHEID

DR YUSUF DADOO, Ex-President, South African Indian Congress.
J. KOSONGUIZI, President, SW African National Union.
NANA MAHOMO, Natl Executive Representative, Pan-Africanist Congress.
OLIVER TAMBO, President, South African National Congress.

Chairman:
CHRISTOPHER MAYHEW, MP.
CENTRAL HALL, WESTMINSTER
23 Sept., 7.30 p.m.

Meeting sponsored by: Africa Bureau; Anti-Apartheid Movement; Christian Action; Committee of African Organisations; Movement for Colonial Freedom.

Tickets, 1s. 6d. at door, 2s. 6d. Res. from Africa Bureau, 296 Vauxhall Bridge Rd, SW1. (TATE 0701).

ICA, 17 Dover St, W1. 'Avant-Garde.' The general state of art and culture today; the nature of the crisis, and the ways of overcoming it. Maurice Wyckeart. Wednesday 28 September at 8.15 p.m. Admission Members 2s., Guests 3s. 6d. 'The Younger Generation Looks At Picasso.' Bernard Cohen, John Plumb, Peter Stroud and Brian Young represent in one way or another a fresh body of opinion about Picasso. Chairman: Roger Coleman. Thursday, 29 September, 8.15 p.m. Members 2s., Guests 3s. 6d.

CENTRAL London Fabian Society. Michael Croft and David Ross on 'Britain and NATO', a pre-conference lecture, Wed. 28 Sept. 7.30 p.m., Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., WC1. Vis. 2s. 6d. Details of Society from Membership Sec., 42a Westbere Rd, NW2.

CHRISTIAN Socialists. At Scarborough: Dr Donald Soper, Canon Stanley Evans, Tom Driberg MP, Anthony Greenwood MP, Lord Pakenham, St Mary's Hall at 7.30 Monday 3 October. Open to all.

SCARBOROUGH which way Labour?: Ernie Roberts. New Left Publ. Mtg. 8 p.m., 23 Sept., 57 Church Rd, Richmond.

PUSHKIN Club, 24 Kensington Pk Gdns, W11. PAR. 7696. Friday 23 Sept. 8 p.m. Prof. A. Swan: 'Reminiscences: Scriabin, Rachmaninoff, Medtner'. Friday 30 Sept., 8 p.m. Concert performance 'Orpheus', melodrama by Russian composer 18th century, Fomin. Conductor – Alan Lumsden; declamation – Dimitri Makaroff. (Seats reserved).

MARRIED Women's Association meeting at the National Book League, 7 Albemarle St, Piccadilly on Thursday 29 Sept, 6.30 p.m. Roxane Arnold LLB will present a Draft Bill 'To Abolish Breach of Promise and Damages in Divorce'.

ANGLO-Catalan Society. Illustrated lecture by Theo Melville, Manchester Art Gallery: The Art of Joan Miró. Anatomy Theatre, University College, Gower Street, W1. Saturday 24 September, 5 pm.

'ART on Film'—New Jewish Society, Wed., 28 September at 8 p.m., 83 Chiltern Street, W1.

'KNOWLEDGE; Wisdom; Sacrifice'. Public lecture, 25 Sept. 8 p.m. Free lit. S.a.e. ULT, 62 Queens Gdns, W2.

BUDDHIST Society, 58 Eccleston Sq., SW1. Public lecture, Wed. 28 Sept. 6.30. 'The Origin of Suffering'. Mr M. O'C. Walshe. Also Saturday Group (reading, discussion, tea). 1 Oct. 3 p.m. Send 3s. for 'The Middle Way'. Information: TAT. 1313.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS—continued

SOCIETY for Psychical Research. Myers Memorial Lecture. W. Grey Walter, MA, Sc.D on 'The neurophysiological aspects of hallucinations and illusory experiences'. Caxton Hall (Court Room), Victoria, SW1. Wed., 28 September at 7 p.m. Admission free.

REMINDER! Discussion Courses in Basic Economics and Social Philosophy begin at 177 Vauxhall Bridge Rd, SW1 on Tues. and Thurs. 27 and 29 September from 7 to 9 p.m. Nominal fee for course 5s. Enrol on opening nights. For details of classes in other areas phone VIC. 4266.

WEA Lectures. Literature, London, Art, Music, Psychology, Sociology in Golders Green, some in Hampstead. Details: 44 Rotherwick Rd, NW11. MEA. 2847.

MANCHESTER Left Club, Dorothy Thompson: 'Sex & Socialism'. Left Wing Coffee House, Friday 30 Sept., 7.45 p.m.

CHINA'S 11th Anniversary Celebrations. See Entertainments Column.

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PACIFIST Universalist Service. 3.30 p.m., Sunday 25 Sept, 5 Caledonian Road, King's X. Discourse O. L. Tuckman: 'Man—The Unknown?'

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Further particulars may be obtained from the Secretary for Teachers' Courses, 19 Leazes Terrace, Newcastle-upon-Tyne 1. Applications should be received by him not later than 1 January 1961.

LEIGHTON House, 12 Holland Park Road, W14. University Extension Course of 10 lectures. 'Art and Architecture of Spain'. Mondays, 8-9.30 p.m. beginning 3 Oct. Lecturers: Philip Troutman, Mrs E. Frankfort, John Bury. Fee for the course 15s. Enrolment forms available from the above address or any Kensington library.

FRENCH Correspondence Courses: (1) Cours de Langue et de Civilisation Françaises (2) Basic French for Conversation (3) Translation Courses. Lesson-by-lesson Coaching by French teachers. Easy payments. Combined class/correspondence courses. Send for prospectus. Mentor, 11 Charing Cross Road, London, WC2.

LECTURE CRSES, etc.—contd on p.454

Incorporating *The Nation* and *The Athenaeum*. Registered at the GPO as a newspaper. Entered as second-class matter at the New York Post Office, NY. 1928. Printed in Great Britain for the Proprietors by Merritt & Hatcher Ltd, High Wycombe and London. Published weekly at Great Turnstile, London, WC1. Postage on this issue: inland 2½d., foreign 3½d., Canada 1d.